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NEWPORT, R. I

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1758, and is now in its one hundred and fifty-third year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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ROGER WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 265, Order Sons of St. George—Frederick Edney, President; Fred Hall, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays.

DANISH BROTHERHOOD—Eric Christensen President; Anton Christensen Secretary Meets second and fourth Mondays.

COURT WANTON, No. 6079, FORESTERS OF AMERICA—James Graham, Chief Ranger; Joseph J. Dance, Recording Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—James Robertson, President; Daniel J. Coughlin, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 2)—Mrs. B. Casey Sullivan, President; Miss B. M. Dennehey, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays

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ADMIRAL THOMAS CAMP, Spanish War Veterans. Meets 1st and 3d Thursdays. Commander, Charles Boldt; Adjutant, Marshall W. Hall.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 1)—President, Miss Catherine Curley; Secretary, Jennie Fontaine. Meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

REDWOOD LODGE, No. 11, K. of P.—James H. Hampton, Chancellor Commander; Robert S. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seals. Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays.

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, U. R. K. of P.—Sir Knight Captain Sidney D. Harvey; J. W. Schwarz, Recorder. Meets first Fridays.

OLAN MCLEOD, No. 163—John Yule, Chief; Alexander Gillies, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Fridays.

NEWPORT LODGE, No. 239, Independent Order Sons of Benjamin—Louis Lack, President; Louis W. Kravetz, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.

Local Matters.

The Wrong Flag.

A certain high official of the United States Navy has been in Newport during the past week and on Monday was taken up the bay in a private yacht. As a matter of courtesy to his distinguished guest, the yacht owner decided to have the craft fly the private ensign indicative of the office. Not possessing such a flag he sent to one of the government stations here to request the loan of the proper flag, explaining the purpose for which he wished it. The flag was promptly received and when the naval official boarded the yacht the flag was hoisted to its proper place. The guest glanced at the flag and appreciated the compliment paid to him. Then he hesitated.

"That does not look just like my flag," he said. "No, I am sure it is not, but I am not quite certain what office it does indicate. It seems familiar, too."

All the way up and back, the guest racked his brains in an endeavor to solve the problem, but was unsuccessful When the New York Yacht Club station here was reached on the return trip, the owner resolved to settle the question by inquiring of "Bennie" Whitten who knows everything. The latter gave one glance at the flag and said, "Why that is for the President of the United States."

The yawl Fidelio of the Brooklyn Yacht Club was run down by the tug Vigilant off Point Judith at an early hour last Sunday morning. A boat was at once put off from the tug and the people on board the yawl were at once taken on the Vigilant. They were brought to this city and finally found sufficient clothing to make up for some of that that they lost in the accident. Fortunately no one was injured in the collision.

There was a brief session of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening, when minor matters of business were attended to. Regular weekly bills and payrolls were approved, and a few licenses were granted. It was voted that the employes of the city hall be given a half-holiday for Friday afternoon, August 19.

The Tennis Tournament.

The National Lawn Tennis Tournament at the Newport Casino has taken place at the same time as fleet week, and has drawn its devotees in spite of the attractions in other parts of the city. The players have enjoyed their stay in Newport, and have been guests at a number of functions, notably the tennis ball which was given in their honor at the Casino Theatre Wednesday night and was a brilliant affair. The entries in the tournament this year were unusually large and consequently there were many matches to be played off in the opening rounds but these were put through with little delay and the progress of the tournament was materially advanced on the opening days.

The inclement weather of the first two days was a matter that could not be avoided and the play went on with little delay on that account, although the match in doubles for the championship was postponed from Tuesday until Wednesday. There have been some brilliant gatherings about the courts all the week, the interest of course increasing as the tournament in singles advanced toward the finals. Next week there will undoubtedly be a big crowd to see the close.

The principal interest this week centered in the championship match for doubles in which Harold H. Hackett and Frederick B. Alexander successfully defended their title against the challengers, Thomas C. Bundy and T. W. Hendrick. Although the former were successful in three straight sets, the games were by no means devoid of interest, the challengers playing a snappy and brilliant game but lacking the steadiness at critical moments which brought victory for the older players. The score was 6-1, 3-6, 6-3.

Concessions Make Trouble.

There has been some little unpleasantness in connection with the visit of the battleship fleet, most of which centered around Washington Square. A committee of the board of aldermen granted permits for some concessions on Washington Square, and several booths were erected there. Many citizens objected, including ex-Mayor Garrettson. One of the concessions operated a spinning wheel on which chances were sold for prizes. The United States flag was used in this booth, and Mr. Garrettson complained that this was a violation of the federal law, and the flag was removed. Mr. Garrettson complained to the police on the square that the machine was a gambling device and asked to have it suppressed.

At that time Chief of Police James R. Crowley came along and Mr. Garrettson repeated his complaint to him. There was a little talk about the matter, and Mr. Garrettson claims that Mr. Crowley made a technical assault upon him by pushing him. In company with his lawyer, Mr. Garrettson visited the police station Wednesday morning and swore out a warrant against Chief Crowley on a charge of assault. The warrant was served by Inspector Tobin, and Mr. Crowley at once pleaded not guilty. He was released on bail furnished by Mr. J. G. Stevens and the case was continued to next Tuesday.

Mr. Garrettson had applied to the Superior Court for an injunction restraining the board of aldermen from granting permits for concessions on the square, but before there was a full hearing in the case, the booths were removed and he had gained his point.

Peter Molliter, 20 years old, of Brooklyn, fell from the deck of the steamer Priscilla just after she left Newport for Fall River at an early hour last Sunday morning. He would certainly have lost his life but for the fact that Captain B. F. Dingley happened to be near at hand in his cat boat and pulled him out of the water before life was extinct. The man was at once brought to Newport and the ambulance was summoned to Long wharf and removed him to the Hospital for treatment. The fall was not seen from the steamer and no one knew of the accident until Captain Dingley saw him struggling in the water.

There has been a great crowd of visitors in Newport during the past week, and hotels and boarding houses have been filled to their utmost capacity. The middle of August is the height of the vacation season anyway, and when to this is added the attractions of fleet week and the lawn tennis tournament, the demand for accommodations was excessive. And of course only a small portion of the total number of visitors remained in Newport over night.

A meeting of the representative council has been called for next Wednesday night when there will be considerable important business to be considered.

Mr. G. Andrews Moriarty, Jr., of this city, has been promoted to second secretary of the United States embassy to Mexico.

Fleet Week Successful.

Many Thousands of Men Were Fed by the Committee and the City has been in Gala Attire—A Constant Round of Entertainment.

Newport has accomplished a wonderful undertaking, one that seemed almost impossible a short time ago. In the short space of three days 12,000 sailors of the battleship fleet have been treated to a splendid clambake, undoubtedly the biggest ever served. That everything went through with scarcely a hitch was due only to the untiring efforts of the men at the head of the gigantic enterprise, Acting Mayor Shepley and ex-Mayor William P. Clarke, and their energetic committee. That the sailors enjoyed their reception and entertainment by the citizens of Newport was a fact that was doubted by none.

The great battleships of the fleet steamed quietly into the harbor within a few minutes of ten o'clock last Monday morning and dropped anchor at the points indicated by the harbor master in his preliminary arrangement for the immense fleet. The points of vantage overlooking the entrance to the harbor were lined with people to see the arrival of the ships and thousands of eyes were directed upon the huge gray monsters as they came through the narrows in stately procession, emerging from the mists that shrouded the sea at a little distance.

The ships that came into the harbor Monday morning were the following:

Connecticut, Captain William R. Rush; Delaware, Captain Charles A. Gove; North Dakota, Captain Albert Gleaves, and Michigan, Captain Nathaniel R. Usher, comprising the first division, under Rear Admiral Seaton Schroeder, commander-in-chief of the fleet; Louisiana, Captain Albert G. Winterhalter; Kansas, Captain Charles J. Badger; New Hampshire, Captain Thomas G. Rodgers, and South Carolina, Captain Augustus F. Fechteler; comprising the second division under the command of Rear Admiral Joseph B. Murdock; Georgia, Captain William L. Rodgers; Nebraska, Captain John T. Newton; Rhode Island, Captain Thomas D. Griffin, and Virginia, Captain John H. Glennon, comprising the third division under the command of Rear Admiral Samuel P. Comly; Minnesota, Captain William S. Sims; Idaho, Captain Herbert O. Dunn; Mississippi, Captain William F. Fullam, and Vermont, Captain Walter McLean, comprising the fourth division under the command of Rear Admiral Charles V. Vreeland. The auxiliaries attached to the fleet are Celtic and Culgoa, supply ships; Lebanon, range ship; Panther, repair ship; Solace, hospital ship; and Yankton, Patapsco and Pawtuxent tenders.

Of these, one division proceeded at once to Bradford to take on coal, while the others came to anchor in the lower bay. Ceremonious visits were exchanged between the ships and the shore, and the fleet had arrived. It was a very disagreeable day and in consequence there were fewer strangers in the city to see the ships and sailors than at any subsequent time. Liberty parties were allowed ashore as soon as possible and it was not long before the streets of the city were well filled with the sailors.

The officers of the fleet were tendered a reception by the officers of the Narragansett Bay Naval Station at the War College, and later Captain William F. Fullam gave a dance on board the Mississippi for his daughter, Miss Rhoda Fullam.

On Tuesday there was no special programme for the day. Many of the ships were busily engaged in coaling, but there were large parties of liberty men allowed ashore, and many of them were entertained at Freebody Park by invitation of Mrs. Herman Oelrichs. In fact Mrs. Oelrichs sent to the fleet tickets for each performance at the Park so that some of the men were entertained there each day. She also provided a large quantity of cigarettes for distribution. On both Monday and Tuesday evenings, the illuminations of Thames street were turned on, and many persons went there to see the sights in spite of the disagreeable weather. Thames street was a mass of color and light, the streams of electric lamps across the street making a beautiful vista. Washington Square was also a handsome sight, the trees in the park being lighted by hundreds of small electric lamps.

The first two days of the week were very disagreeable, and the committee in charge of the bake feared what the next days might bring forth. Wednesday dawned beautifully clear, however, and was an ideal day for the first clambake. The streets were thronged with people and everybody was on the alert to see what was going on.

Long before the hour set for the bake the committee, bake captains and helpers had been toiling at the grounds on Broadway to get the bake under way. The great quantity of clams and all the fixings were prepared and the fires were lighted under the great piles of wood, so that when the men finally marched into the grounds and took their seats at the tables all was in readiness for them. The apprentice seamen from the Training Station who were loaned to act as waiters were brought over in special cars and were quickly shown what they had to do.

It was a little before 12 o'clock that the boats bringing the men from the battleships began to land in the city. Some boats landed at Long wharf, some at Commercial wharf and some at the Government Landing, in order to avoid congestion and delay by all coming in at one place. The men marched up Washington square and there was a brief halt until a number of commands had been brought together and then the line moved out Broadway to the clambake grounds. The men of course marched without arms, and somewhat at ease, but were accompanied by many bands of music.

As soon as the line reached the clambake grounds, the men were seated without delay, and fell to work at once. The bake was served promptly and was heartily enjoyed by the men. There was no delay and no friction, everything passing off exactly as scheduled. After full justice had been done to the meal, the men moved back to town, some accompanied by their bands and others drifting back as they chose. The streets were filled with sailors, who wandered about as they chose and seemed to be enjoying themselves thoroughly.

In the evening, Mrs. Herman Oelrichs entertained the officers of the fleet at dinner at her beautiful residence, "Rosecliff," and the dinner was followed by dancing.

The bakes of Thursday and Friday were not far different from the first one, with the exception that Friday's was postponed until 4 o'clock on account of the severe rain that prevailed during the morning. About 2500 were fed at the first bake and the number increased somewhat thereafter. There have been many functions and entertainments for the officers and men of the fleet, the Spanish War Veterans, the Elks and Odd Fellows having provided social times on their meeting nights.

On Thursday the officers of the fleet were treated to a special bake at the grounds of the Newport Clambake Club and this was an occasion never to be forgotten. On Friday Admiral Rogers entertained at luncheon at the War College in honor of Admiral Schroeder, and Commodore Arthur Curtis James entertained at dinner on the Aloha. A ball in honor of the fleet was given by Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Berwind at "The Elms." For this afternoon invitations have been issued for a reception on board the flagship Connecticut.

With the single exception of the weather everything has been ideal for the big occasion. Although thousands of sailors have been landed in the city and have been free to do about as they pleased, there has been little disorder, and nothing of a serious nature. The men as a rule have been exceptionally well behaved, and although there are always a few that suffer from overindulgence during a liberty trip, those have been looked after by guards from the ships. Each day details of provost guards have been landed and have patrolled the streets in their capacity of police and have looked after cases of disorder among the sailors. Those who drank too heavily were taken back to their ships so that the Newport police were relieved of much of the burden. Nevertheless, there have been extra details of police on duty night and day and they have kept the city in excellent order.

Acting Mayor William Shepley paid an official visit to Admiral Schroeder on board the flag ship on Wednesday and the visit was at once returned by the Admiral to the Mayor in the City Hall. The party went out to the clambake grounds and saw where the big clambake had been served.

The clambake grounds have made an attractive and imposing sight. The enclosure where the bake was made and the men were served was roped off from the public but the people were allowed to stand outside the ropes where a fine view could be obtained. The American colors, with plenty of bunting, were displayed throughout the grounds, and just within the ropes was a long line of potted plants and shrubs, making a beautiful effect. A detail from the Training Station patrolled the grounds to keep the crowds away from the enclosure. At night the Newport Artillery furnished guards to protect the property on the lot. Their job was no sinecure, especially when it rained, and their services were deeply appreciated by the committee. There were thousands of visitors to the lot during the day and evening, and the street cars that ran that way were crowded during the times of the bakes.

The city as a whole never presented a finer appearance. Every building in the business district has carried its decorations of flags and streamers, and the illumination of the evening has thrown the light on them so that they have been fully as effective as in the day time. Many of the stores and public buildings have had special illuminations which are very effective.

The city has been in holiday garb and the general effect is much like Carnival week. The fakirs have perhaps not been so numerous, but there have been enough of them. Washington square at first resembled a Midway but the protests of ex-Mayor Garrettson resulted in bringing down the stands that had been erected there.

Recent Deaths.

R. Hammett Tilley.

Mr. R. Hammett Tilley died at his residence on Hope street on Tuesday after a considerable illness from Bright's disease. He had been a sufferer for a long time, but had managed to keep at his duties at the Newport Historical Society until June when he was obliged to give up his active work. Since that time he had been confined to his home, and although his condition had apparently improved at times he had failed steadily for the last week until the end came.

Mr. Tilley was one of the best versed men in the State on historical or genealogical topics. For more than 25 years he had been librarian of the Newport Historical Society, an office that brought him into contact with thousands of people interested in the history of Newport and of Rhode Island. When the office of State record commissioner was created in 1896 he was at once selected to fill that office, a position that he had since retained. His conduct of that office was marked by efficiency and economy, and had received high commendation from all who had relations with the office. As librarian of the Historical Society he was efficient and courteous, ready to help anyone in search of information and drawing freely upon his vast store of information for the benefit of all who desired it. The large collection of records and valuable papers owned or in the custody of the Society was kept in excellent condition and so arranged as to be convenient for ready reference. The value of the society to the general public was due in a large measure to Mr. Tilley.

Rishbrough Hammett Tilley was the son of Mary Chapman (Taylor) and the late Benjamin James Tilley and was born in this city on September 1, 1850. His father was engaged in the conduct of a periodical store on Thames street, and after the young man had received his education in Miss Nichols' school on Marlboro street, known as the White Horse Tavern, he entered the store and was employed there until his father's death. He subsequently carried on the business alone for a few years, afterward engaging in research work on historical and genealogical matters. After his election as librarian of the Newport Historical Society most of his time was devoted to his duties there, but he found time to publish genealogical works relating to the Tilley and Taylor families and also to edit several historical magazines, including the Newport Historical Magazine, The American Genealogical Queries and the Magazine of New England History. He founded the historical and genealogical department of the Mercury and edited it for a time, later relinquishing this duty to his daughter, Miss Edith May Tilley.

He was the first registrar of the Sons of the Revolution in Rhode Island, a position that he retained until his death, and had also been registrar of the Rhode Island Society of Colonial Wars. He was formerly a member of several of the local Masonic organizations, but withdrew from all of them a few years ago.

Mr. Tilley leaves a widow, who was a daughter of Frederick A. Barlow, and one daughter, Miss Edith M. Tilley. His mother, Mrs. Mary Taylor Tilley, who celebrated her eighty-fifth birthday on June 24, also survives him.

Funeral services were held from his late residence on Hope street Friday afternoon and were largely attended.

There was an immense crowd at the Beach last Sunday and the resources of the management were taxed to their utmost to accommodate the demand. All day long there was an influx of visitors by boat, train, cars and automobiles, and it seemed to be one of the biggest days ever known.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold F. Gilpin of Lyndhurst, N. J., are enjoying a two weeks' vacation with Mr. and Mrs. John Gilpin on John street.

Mr. George A. Greene, son of the late Augustus G. Greene, died in Portland last Saturday. He left Newport a number of years ago.

Mr. and Mrs. James R. Crowley have been entertaining Mr. Louis Glass and his daughter of Delaware Water Gap.

Mr. James M. King and Dr. Hamilton King have returned to their homes after enjoying a vacation in Newport.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Y. Mason of Ohio have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. John B. Mason in this city.

MIDDLETOWN.

COURT OF PROBATE—The regular session of the Court of Probate was held at the Town Hall on Monday and all the members were present. The following estates were passed upon:

Estate of James Chace. In response to citation, Isaac Chase, the Administrator de bonis non, with will annexed, appears in court and exhibits the certificates of bank shares and the bank book showing deposits in his possession. The surety on his bond, the Fidelity and Deposit Company of Maryland, is seeking release and demanded an accounting. The account not being complete the matter is continued to the third Monday in September and likewise the petition of the Surety Company to have bond of Administrator cancelled.

Estate of William H. Sherman. Will is proved and ordered recorded and letters testamentary directed to issue to Annie E. Sherman as Executrix, she first giving bond in the sum of $500 to pay debts and legacies.

Estate of John B. Pell. Upon the petition of Julia A. B. Pell, his Executrix, an exemplified copy of his will is ordered filed and recorded.

Estate of Abraham Anthony. Albert A. Anthony, his Administrator, presents an inventory which is allowed and ordered recorded.

Estate of William T. Bull, minor. Minor's petition to appoint Charles A. Wilson of Providence, Guardian of his person and estate, is continued to the third Monday of September.

Estate of David Coggeshall. Albert L. Chase, the Administrator, presents his third account which is referred to the third Monday of September with an order of notice.

In Town Council, the petitions of Samuel Horowitz of Newport, and Charles Zulkind of Fall River, for licenses to peddle junk were laid on the table. Only two have been granted this year. The sentiment of the Council seemed to be opposed to increasing the number of peddlers. There is a general feeling that the number of all classes of peddlers should be restricted.

Complaint was made of the dumping of sand in the highways near Sachuest Beach and the Town Sergeant was directed to visit the locality and forbid any further deposits.

The Town Sergeant was also instructed to ascertain if any persons are engaged in the collection of junk without having obtained a license so doing, and to complain of all unlicensed dealers.

There was some discussion in relation to joining in the crusade against the fast speeding of automobiles. Most of the towns in Newport County have been waging war on the offenders since the advent of summer and several arrests have been made. Up to the present no effort had been made by the police of Middletown to interrupt the practice of fast driving. It was thought best to do something in that line and the Town Sergeant was authorized to apprehend violators of the speed law and prosecute them to final judgment.

Alfred H. Hazard appeared in Council and inquired as to who authorized the removal of the public library known as the Arnold Circulating Library from the Peabody school-house on Third Beach road to the Berkeley Parish House. He was assured that the Town Council had no part or responsibility in the matter. It was given out that the Public School Committee had caused the removal. Mr. Hazard strenuously objected to the change and considered it ill-advised.

The people of this neighborhood were not pleased with the removal and thought they had not been treated fairly in the matter. At the instigation of a few the library had been removed from a public building where it occupied but little space to a hall under the control of the Berkeley Church. There were many Portuguese families in the neighborhood who needed access to books and these would not feel at liberty to go to a building under the control of the Episcopal Church. A communication from Frances R. Arnold in reference to the library was also read to the Council. Miss Arnold considered the library could be much better cared for and preserved in the Berkeley Guild House than in the Peabody schoolhouse and endorsed the action of the School Committee in making the transfer. The Council declined to take any action in the premises, deciding that it was a matter for the Public School Committee to adjust.

The Council adjourned to meet as a Board of Canvassers, on Tuesday, the sixth of September, at two p. m.

The youngest son of Rev. and Mrs. Arthur Rogers of West Chester, Penn., who are spending the summer at "Lazy Lawn," 3d Beach road, is suffering from a broken arm.

Alterations are well underway to enlarge the primary rooms on the second floor of the Oliphant School. More room is needed and more light. A dormer window has been added.

The annual fair for the benefit of St. Columba, the Berkeley Memorial Chapel, was held at the Berkeley Parish House on Wednesday and was well attended. The sales-tables were arranged in the Guild room and the Men's Reading room while ice cream and cake were served upon the lawn in a tent. An excellent supper of chicken and lobster salads and cold meats was served from 6 to 8.30 during which the Harry K. Howard orchestra rendered a program of music, playing for dancing later in the evening. The affair was conducted by the president, Mrs. Lyman C. Josephs, who served afternoon tea, and by the vice president, Mrs. Augustus Wilbor, who was in charge of the supper. A fine arrangement of flowers added to the attractiveness of the rooms.

Many of the poems and verses printed in the monthly paper at the Four Corner church, "The Middletown Methodist," were composed by Mrs. Clara B. Grinnell, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Elisha Clarke Peckham. Several other members of the family have a natural talent along similar lines.

Mr. Walter Sherman and his two sisters, who reside on Vernon avenue, have returned from an extended visit at Richmond Springs, N. Y.

The GOOSE GIRL

That a wooden shoed, simple minded goose girl should plunge monarchs and monarchies into a most mysterious confusion of affairs is a novelty. Yet the lovely Gretchen, the heroine of this fascinating old world novel, did just that, for no one can deny that Ehrenstein is a land of romance. There Carmichael, the dashing young American consul, learned of the dangers of falling in love with a princess; there Herbeck, the wily chancellor, tried a master stroke, evilly designed, to change the history of a throne; there royalty in disguise wandered and plotted and learned to know fellow human beings; there the treacherous Magyar gypsies lurked in the shadows to abduct a princess. And through all the little goose girl trod her lowly way toward a fate that the magic wand of chance had destined she must fill---a fate as amazing as it is fascinating to read about.

By HAROLD MacGRATH

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CHAPTER I.

SOME IN RAGS.

AN old man clothed in picturesque patches and tatters paused and leaned on his stout oak staff. He had walked many miles that day. His peasant garb rather enhanced his fine head. His eyes were blue and clear and farseeing, the eyes of a hunter or a woodsman.

The afternoon glow of the September sun burned along the dusty white highway. From where he stood the road trailed off miles behind and wound up 500 feet or more above him to the ancient city of Dreiberg.

Across a lofty jumble of barren rock and glacial cleft, now purpling and darkening as the sun mellowed in its decline, lay the kingdom of Jugendheit. By and by his gaze wavered, and one particular patch in the valley, brown from the beating of many ironshod horses, caught and chained his interest for a space. It was the military field, and it glittered and scintillated with squadron after squadron of cavalry.

"The philosophy of war is to prepare for it," mused the old man, with a jerk of his shoulders. "France! So the mutter runs. There is a Napoleon in France, but no Bonaparte." He laughed ironically and cautiously glanced at his watch, an article which must have cost him many and many a potato patch. He stepped forward. He had followed yonder goose girl ever since the incline began. Oft the little wooden shoes had lagged, but here they were, still a hundred yards or more ahead of him.

The little goose girl was indeed tired, and the little wooden shoes grew heavier and heavier, and the little bare feet ached dully, but her heart was light and her mind sweet with happiness. Day after day she had tended the geese in the valley and trudged back at evening alone, all told a matter of twelve miles, and now she was bringing them into the city to sell in the market on the morrow. After that she would have little to do save an hour or two at night in a tavern called the Black Eagle, where she waited on patrons.

Presently there was a clatter of horses, a jingle of bit and spur and saber. Half a dozen mounted officers trotted past. The peasant on the parapet instantly recognized one of the men. He saluted with a humbleness which lacked sincerity. It was the grand duke himself. There was General Duewitz, too, and some of his staff, and a smooth faced, handsome young man in civilian riding clothes, who, though he rode like a cavalryman, was obviously of foreign birth, an Englishman or an American.

When the cavalcade reached the goose girl the peace of the scene vanished forthwith. Confusion took up the scepter. The silly geese, instead of remaining on the left of the road in safety, straightway determined that their haven of refuge was on the opposite side. Gonk, gonk! Quack, quack! They scrambled, they blundered, they flew. Some tried to go over the horses, some endeavored to go under.

The civilian looked casually at the girl.

"By George!" he exclaimed in English.

"What is it?" asked the duke, gathering up the reins.

"The girl's face. It is beautiful."

The duke, after a glance, readily agreed. "You Americans are always observant."

"Pretty figure, too," said one of the aids, a colonel. But his eye held none of the abstract admiration which characterized the American's.

The goose girl had seen this look in other men's eyes. She knew. A faint color grew under her tan and waned.

The troop proceeded with dust and small thunder and shortly passed the city gates. It traversed the lumpy cobbles of the narrow streets, often crowding pedestrians. One among those so inconvenienced was a youth dressed as a vintner. He was tall, pliantly built, blond as a viking, possessing a singular beauty of the masculine order. He was forced to flatten himself against the wall of a house, his arms extended on either side in a kind of temporary crucifixion. Even then the stirrup of the American touched him slightly. But it was not the touch of the stirrup that startled him. It was the dark, clean cut face of the rider. Once they were by the youth darted into a doorway.

"He? What can he be doing here? No, it is utterly impossible. It is merely a likeness."

He ventured forth presently, none of the perturbation, however, gone from his face. He ran his hand across his chin. Yes, he would let his beard grow.

The duke and his escort turned into the broad and restful sweep of the Konigstrasse. At the end was the Ehrenstein Platz, the great square round which ran the palaces and the royal and public gardens. The halt was made in the courtyard and all dismounted.

The American thanked the duke gratefully for the use of the horse.

"You are welcome to a mount at all times, Mr. Carmichael," replied the duke pleasantly. "A man who rides as well as yourself may be trusted anywhere with any kind of a horse."

The group looked admiringly at the object of this marked attention. Here was one who had seen two years of constant and terrible warfare, who had ridden horses under fire and who bore on his body many honorable scars, for the great civil strife in America had come to its close but two years before and Europe was still captive to her amazement at the military prowess of the erstwhile inconsiderable American.

As Carmichael saluted and turned to leave the courtyard he threw a swift, searching glance at one of the palace windows. Did the curtain stir? He could not say. He continued on, crossing the Platz, toward the Grand hotel. He was a bachelor, so he might easily have had his quarters at the consulate, but as usual with American consulates—even to the present time—it was situated in an undesirable part of the town, over a bierhalle frequented by farmers and the middle class.

Where had he seen that young vintner before?

Meanwhile the goose girl, now joined by the old man, marshaled her geese and proceeded.

"What was that song you were singing before the horses came up?" he asked her.

"That? It was from the poet Heine" —simply.

He stared at her.

"Heine? Can you read?"

"Yes, herr."

A goose girl who read Heine?

"And the music?" he inquired presently.

"That is mine"—with the first sign of diffidence. "Melodies are always running through my head. Sometimes they make me forget things I ought to remember."

"Your own music? An impresario will be discovering you some fine day, and your fortune will be made."

"I AM ONLY A GOOSE GIRL."

The light irony did not escape her. "I am only a goose girl."

He felt disarmed. "What is your name?"

"Gretchen."

"What else?"

"Nothing else," wistfully. "I never knew any father or mother."

"So? But who taught you to read?"

"A priest. Once I lived in the mountains at an inn. He used to come in evenings when the snow was not too deep. He taught me to read and write. I know that Italy has all the works of art, that France has the most interesting history, that Germany has all the philosophers and America all the money," adding a smile. "I should like to see America."

"Do you live alone?"

"No. I live with my foster mother, who is very old. I call her grandmother. She took me in when I was a foundling. And what might your name be?"

"Ludwig. I am a mountaineer from Jugendheit."

"We are not friendly with your country."

"More's the pity. It is a grave blunder on the part of the grand duke."

"Wasn't it all about the grand duke's daughter?"

"Yes. But she has been found. Yet the duke is as bitter as of old. What is this new found princess like?"

"She is beautiful and shy."

The geese were behaving and only occasionally was she obliged to use her stick.

He observed her critically, for he was interested. She was not tall, but her lithe slenderness gave her the appearance of tallness. Her hands, rough nailed and sunburnt, were small and shapely. Her hair, in a thick braid, was the tone of the heart of a chestnut bur, and her eyes were of that mystifying hazel, sometimes brown, sometimes gray.

"How old are you, Gretchen?"

"I do not know," she answered, "perhaps eighteen, perhaps twenty."

Arriving at length in the city, they passed through the crooked streets.

"Gretchen, where shall I find the Adlergasse?"

"I will show you. You are also a stranger in Dreiberg?"

"Yes."

They took the next turn, and the weather beaten sign Zum Schwartzen Adler, hanging in front of a frame house of many gables, caused the mountaineer to breathe gratefully.

"Here my journey ends, Gretchen, at the Black Eagle," he said.

They were passing a clock mender's shop. The man from Jugendheit peered in the window, but there was no clock in sight to give him warning of the time, and he dared not now look at his watch. He had a glimpse of the ancient clock mender himself, however, huddled over a table upon which sputtered a candle. The eyes of the two men met, but only for a moment. The mountaineer started to cross the street to the tavern.

"Good night, Gretchen. Good luck to you and your geese tomorrow."

"Thanks, Herr Ludwig. And will you be long in the city?"

"That depends; perhaps," adding a grim smile in answer to a grim thought.

He offered his hand, which she accepted trustfully. He was a strange old man, but she liked him. When she withdrew her hand something cold and hard remained in her palm. Wonders of all the world, it was a piece of gold! Her eyes went up quickly, but the giver smiled reassuringly and put a finger against his lips.

"But, herr," she remonstrated.

"Keep it. I give it to you. Do not question Providence, and I am her handmaiden just now. Go along with you."

So Gretchen in a mild state of stupefaction turned away. Clat-clat! sang the little wooden shoes. A plaintive gonk rose as she prodded a laggard from the dank gutter. A piece of gold! Clat-clat! Clat-clat! Surely this had been a day of marvels.

She was regarded with kindly eyes till the dark jaws of the Krumerweg swallowed up both her and her geese.

"Poor little goose girl!" he thought. "If she but knew she could make a bonfire of a thousand hearts. A fine day!" He eyed again the battered sign. It was then that he discerned another leaning from the ledge of the first story of the house adjoining the tavern. It was the tarnished shield of the United States.

"Two weeks tramping about the country in this unholy garb, following false trails half the time, living on crusts and cold meats! Ah, you have led me a merry dance, nephew, but I shall not forget!"

He entered the tavern and applied for a room, haggling over the price.

The nights were chilly. Carmichael in order to finish his cigar on the little balcony fronting his window found it necessary to put on his light overcoat, though he perfectly knew that he was in no manner forced to smoke on the balcony. But the truth was he wanted a clear vision of the palace and the lighted windows thereof and of one in particular. He had no more sense than Tom Fool, the abetter of follies. She was as far removed from him as the most alien of the planets, but the magnet shall ever draw the needle, and a woman shall ever draw a man. He knew that it was impossible, that it grew more impossible day by day, and he railed at himself bitterly and satirically.

He sighed and teetered his legs. Carmichael sighed for the Princess Hildegarde, understanding. It was sigh or curse, and the latter mode of expression wastes more vitality.

Arthur Carmichael was Irish. He was born in America, educated there and elsewhere—a little while in Paris, a little while at Bonn—and, like all Irishmen, he was baned with the wandering foot, for the man who is homeless by choice has a subtle poison in his blood. He was at Bonn when the civil war came. He went back to America and threw himself into the fight with all the ardor that had made his forbears famous in the service of the worthless Stuarts. It wasn't a question with him of the mere love of fighting, of tossing the penny. He knew with which side he wished to fight. He joined the cavalry of the north and hammered and fought his way to a captaincy. He was wounded five times and imprisoned twice. At the end of the conflict he returned to Washington.

Without any influence whatever save his pleasing address and his wide education he blarneyed the state department out of a consulate. They sent him to Ehrenstein at a salary not worth mentioning, with the diplomatic halo of dignity as a tail to the kite. Two years in any one place was not in reckoning as regarded Carmichael, yet here he was, caring neither for promotion nor exchange. So, then, all logical deductions simmered down to one—cherchez la femme.

The dreamer is invariably tripping over his illusions, and Carmichael was rather boyish in his dreams. What absurd romances he was always weaving round her! What exploits on her behalf! But never anything happened, and never was the grand duke called upon to offer his benediction.

It was all very foolish and romantic and impossible, and no one recognized this more readily than he. No American ever married a princess of a reigning house, and no American ever will. This law is as immovable as the law of gravitation. Still, man is master of his dreams, and he may do as he pleases in the confines of this small circle.

"How the deuce will it end?" musing half aloud. "I'll forget myself some day and trip so hard that they'll be asking Washington for my recall. I'll go over to the gardens and listen to the band."

He was standing in front of the hotel when he noticed a closed carriage hard by the fountain in the Platz.

"Ha, a fare!"

A woman in black, thoroughly veiled and cloaked, came round from the opposite side of the fountain. She spoke to the driver. The lady stepped into the carriage, the driver woke up his ancient Bucephalus and went clicketyclack down the Konigstrasse toward the town. To Carmichael it was less than an incident. He twirled his cane and walked toward the public gardens. The band struck up again, and he drifted with the crowd toward the pavilion.

Within a dozen feet of him, her arms folded across her breast, her eyes half shut in the luxury of the senses, stood the goose girl. He smiled as he recalled the encounter of that afternoon. It was his habit to ride to the maneuvers every day, and several times he had noticed her and her beauty.

"Why couldn't I have fallen in love with some one like this?" he cogitated.

Colonel von Wallenstein of the general staff approached her from the other side. Wallenstein was a capital soldier and a jolly fellow round a board, but beyond that Carmichael had no real liking for him. There were too many scented notes stuck in his pockets.

The colonel dropped his cigarette, leaned over Gretchen's shoulder and spoke a few words. At first she gave no heed. The colonel persisted. Without a word in reply she resolutely sought the nearest policeman. Wallenstein, remaining where he was, laughed. Meantime the policeman frowned. His excellency could not possibly have intended any wrong. The law of redress in Ehrenstein had no niche for the goose girl.

"Good evening, colonel," said Carmichael pleasantly. "Why can't your bandmaster give us light opera once in awhile?"

The colonel pulled his mustache in chagrin.

"Light operas are rare at present," he replied, accepting his defeat amiably enough.

And then a pretty woman rose from a chair near by. She nodded brightly at the colonel, who bowed, excused himself to Carmichael and made off after her.

Carmichael looked round for Gretchen. She was still at the side of the policeman. She came back.

"Did you get your geese together without mishap?" he asked of her.

The instinct of the child always remains with the woman. Gretchen smiled. This young man would be different, she knew.

"They were only frightened."

"We don't have goose girls in America," he said.

The magic word America, where the gold came from, flamed her curiosity.

"You are from America?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Are you rich?"

"In fancy, in dreams," humorously.

"Oh, I thought they were all rich. Did you fight in the war?"

"Yes. Do you like music?"

"Were you ever wounded?"

"A scratch or two. But do you like music?"

"Very, very much. When they play Beethoven, Bach or Meyerbeer—ach, I seem to live in another country. I hear music in everything—in the leaves, the rain, the wind, the stream."

It seemed strange to him that he had not noticed it at first, the almost Hanoverian purity of her speech and the freedom with which she spoke. The average peasant is ignorant, diffident, with a vocabulary of few words.

"What is your name?"

"Gretchen."

"It is a good name. It is famous too."

"Goethe used it."

"So he did," Carmichael ably concealed his surprise.

He was willing to swear that she was making fun of him. Was she a simple goose girl? Was she not something more, something deeper? War clouds were forming in the skies. They might gather and strike at any time. And who but the French could produce such a woman spy? Ehrenstein was not Prussia, it was true, but the duchy, with its 20,000 troops, was one of the many pulses that beat in unison with this man Bismarck's plans. He was certainly puzzled, but a glance at her hands dissolved his doubts. These hands were used to toil. They were in no way disguised.

"You have been to school?"

"After a manner. My teacher was a kind priest. But he never knew that, with knowledge, he was to open the gates of discontent."

"Then you are not happy with your lot?"

"Is any one, herr?" quietly. "And who might you be and what might you be doing here in Dreiberg, riding with the grand duke?"

"I am the American consul."

Gretchen took a step back.

"What did Colonel Wallenstein say to you?" he asked.

"Nothing of importance. I am used to it. I am perfectly able to take care of myself," she answered.

"What did the policeman say?"

"What would he say to a goose girl?"

"Shall I speak to him?"

"Would it really do any good?" skeptically.

"It might. The duke is friendly toward me, and I am certain he would not tolerate such conduct in his police. My name is Carmichael. Now, listen, Gretchen—if at any time you are in trouble you will find me at the Grand hotel or at the consulate next door to the Black Eagle."

"I shall remember. Sometimes I work in the Black Eagle."

"Good night," he said.

Gretchen extended her hand, and Carmichael took it in his own, inspecting it.

"It is a good hand. It is strong too," he said.

"It has to be strong, herr. Good night."

Carmichael raised his hat again, and Gretchen breathed contentedly as she saw him disappear in the crowd. Suddenly she felt an arm slip through hers. Her head went round.

"Leo?" she whispered.

It was the young vintner whom Carmichael had pushed against the wall that day.

"Who was that?" he asked.

"Herr Carmichael, the American consul."

"Carmichael!" he gasped.

"What is it, Leo?"

"Nothing, only I grow mad with rage when any of these gentlemen speak to you. Gentlemen! I know them all too well. Ah, how I love you!"

"IT MIGHT. THE DUKE IS FRIENDLY TOWARD ME."

Gretchen thrilled.

"To me the world began but two weeks ago. I have just begun to live," he whispered warmly.

"I am sad and lonely tonight," she said gloomily.

"Why, indeed!"

"Leo, as much as I love you, there is always a shadow."

"What shadow?"

"It is always at night that I see you, rarely in the bright daytime. What do you do during the day? It is not yet vintage. What do you do?"

"Will you trust me a little longer, Gretchen, just a little longer?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Thackeray's Satire.

Thackeray created quite erroneous impressions of himself by often indulging in irony in the presence of people who were incapable of understanding it. One curious instance which he gave was this: Thackeray had been dining at the Garrick and was talking in the smoking room after dinner with various club acquaintances. One of them happening to have left his cigar case at home, Thackeray, though disliking the man, who was a notorious tuft hunter, good naturedly offered him one of his cigars. The man accepted the cigar, but, not finding it to his liking, had the bad taste to say to Thackeray, "I say, Thackeray, you won't mind my saying I don't think much of this cigar?" Thackeray, no doubt irritated at the man's ungraciousness and bearing in mind his tuft hunting predilections, quietly responded, "You ought to, my good fellow, for it was given me by a lord." Instead, however, of detecting the irony, the dolt immediately attributed the remark to snobbishness on Thackeray's part and to the end of his days went about declaring that "Thackeray had boasted that he had been given a cigar by a lord."

Maternal Instinct.

"Children that yell like that ought either to be gagged or kept at home," remarked the irascible gentleman with the white beard to the bus conductor.

"And faces like the one wot you're searin' people with," chipped in the mother of the noisy infant, "oughter be made into door knockers or sent ter the chamber o' 'orrors."

The gentleman with the patriarchal face fungus took a brick red complexion. "I know it's awkward at times"—he commenced.

"It's more'n awkward; it's nothin' short o' 'orrible," snapped the lady, as she once more glanced at the sorry elderly man's set of features.

When the rest of the passengers tittered audibly the old gentleman came to the conclusion that it behooved him to speak to the point.

"I mean the child"— he tried once more.

"And you didn't mean it no good," returned the lady, "else you wouldn't a looked at it."—London Ideas.

The Expense of a Wife.

A wife is a decided addition to the demands upon one's purse. In that sense, however sensible and managing she may be, she is expensive. But everything worth having has its price of one sort or another, and there are some things which cost much without which life is hardly worth living.

Said Thiers: "Most men contemplate making some self denial when they marry. They think they will give up such and such expensive pleasures. Later on, when they discover that they cannot do so, and at the same time they lack the means to indulge, they complain that it is the extravagance of their wives which causes the inconvenience."

Which wise saying is applicable to men in other countries besides that of France.—New York American.

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The doctors began to say I would never use it again.

Others advised amputating my leg to prevent gangrene from setting in.

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For tickets, staterooms, parlor car seats, apply at City ticket office, 320 Thames St., at Wharf Offices and Purser's office on steamers.

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Old Colony Street Railway Co.

Newport & Fall River Time Table.

In effect July 1, 1910.
Subject to change without notice.

Leave City Hall, Newport, for City Hall, Fall River, via Middletown, Portsmouth and Tiverton, week days 5.55 a. m., then every thirty minutes, until 10.20 p. m., then 11.20 p. m.

Sundays, 7.00 a. m., then every 30 minutes until 10.00 p. m. then 11.15 p. m.

Returning, leave City Hall, Fall River, for City Hall, Newport, 5.20 a. m., then every thirty minutes until 11.20 p. m.

Sundays 6.50 a. m., the same as week days.

NEWPORT CITY CARS

Change of time June 13, 1910.

Leave One Mile Corner for Morton Park 6.00, 6.15, 6.30 a. m. and 10.30, 10.45 and 11.00 p. m. Sundays 6.30 a. m. Then same as week days.

Leave Morton Park, for Mile Corner 6.22 and 6.37 a. m. and 10.52, 11.07 and 11.22 p. m. Sundays 10.52, 11.07 and 11.22 p. m.

Leave One Mile Corner for the Beach 6.30 a. m. and every 15 minutes until and including 10.30 p. m. Sundays same as week days.

Leave Franklin Street for Beach, 6.45 a. m., then every 15 minutes until and including 10.30 p. m. Sundays same as week days.

Leave Beach for One Mile Corner at 7.00 a. m. and every 15 minutes to and including 10.45 p. m. Sundays same as week days.

Leave Franklin Street for One Mile Corner 6.30, 6.45 and 7.15 a. m. and every 15 minutes to and including 11.30 p. m. Sundays 7.15 a. m., and then same as week days.

Leave Franklin Street for Morton Park 6.15 a. m., and every 15 minutes to and including 11.15 p. m. Sundays 6.45 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Morton Park for Franklin Street 6.22 a. m. and every 15 minutes to and including 11.22 p. m. Sundays 6.52 a. m. and then same as week days.

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Time tables showing local and through train service between all stations may be obtained at all ticket offices of this company.

Time Table in Effect Oct. 3, 1909.

Leave Newport for Fall River, Taunton and Boston week days, 6.47, 8.20, 9.02, 11.02 a. m., 1.02, 3.02, 5.13, 9.13 p. m. Sundays—Leave Newport 7.00, 8.00, 11.00 a. m., 8.00, 6.13, 9.13 p. m.

Middletown and Portsmouth—6.47, 9.02, 11.02 a. m., 1.02, 3.02, 5.13, 9.13 p. m.

Tiverton—6.47, 8.20, 9.02, 11.02 a. m., 1.02, 3.02, 5.13, 9.13 p. m.

Middleboro—6.47, 8.20, 11.02 a. m., 3.02 p. m.

Hyannis—11.02 a. m., 3.02 p. m.

Provincetown—11.02 a. m.

Plymouth—11.02 a. m., 3.02 p. m.

New Bedford—6.47, 8.20, 11.02 a. m., 3.02, 9.13 p. m.

Providence (via Fall River)—6.47, 8.20, 9.02, 11.02 a. m., 1.02, 3.02, 5.13, 9.13 p. m.

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Submitted to the Touch.

"I suppose all of us have our little vanities," says James Hamilton Lewis of Chicago. "When I was a member of congress I was called out into the corridor by a stranger who asked, 'Is this Colonel James Hamilton Lewis?'

"'Plain Mr. Lewis, at your service,' I replied.

"'Well, Mr. Lewis,' he replied, 'I was so struck with a speech you made in the house last week that I went to the document room to get a copy for myself and for another friend. They charge five cents for a copy, and I haven't a cent of change. Can you let me have the money to buy two copies?'

"Now, I had not made any speech, and they do not charge five cents for any cents at all in the document room; but I gave him the dime he wanted, and reproached myself afterward for my stinginess. Such an artist at flattery ought to have had a quarter, at least."—Chicago Record-Herald.

How Romans Took Their Food.

The Romans reclined at their banquets on couches, all supporting themselves on one elbow and eating with their fingers from dishes placed in the center of the table. Each was supplied with a napkin, and knives were used, though it does not appear that every one was supplied with one. Nothing, it would seem, could be more fatiguing than to partake of a repast in such an awkward posture or less conductive to neatness, it being almost impossible to keep the hands clean even with water supplied by the slaves or to prevent the food and wine from falling on the clothing and the draperies of the couch. This manner of eating disappeared during the dark ages so far as the couch was concerned, but the peculiarity of taking food with the fingers from a common dish continued afterward for more than 1,000 years.

He Wanted to Know.

There was a small crowd at the soda counter when a tall man rushed in and pushed an empty bottle over the drug counter.

"Acid!" he whispered, excitedly. "Ten cents' worth of acid, and quick!"

The soda water crowd began to sit up and take notice.

"What's he going to do with that acid?" demanded one.

"It's a secret," answered the drug clerk.

"Nothing unusual, I hope."

"Well, rather."

"What! You mean to say he is going to take that acid?"

"Oh, no! Listen. There is a silver wedding at his house tonight, and he is going to test the presents as fast as his friends bring them in."

And then and there they voted him the meanest man in town.—Chicago News.

The Inspiring Bagpipes.

It was at a seaside resort, and along the board walk came marching a band of highland bagpipers in full costume. They were tremendous fellows, but their music, to my untutored ears, was like the squealings of forty stuck pigs. Yet I have never heard strains to compare with theirs for arousing a desire to die for one's country. I think bagpipe music must have been fashioned back in the old days by some demon of perversity out of the whistle of arrows, the clash of claymores, the neighing of war steeds and the shrieks of the dying. When I hear it I think of the wheel of fortune, the car of Juggernaut, the mills of the gods and the inquisitorial rack and screw. It whirls along with a cyclonic rhythm that sets the feet to tramping and the blood to boiling.—Robert M. Gay in Atlantic.

A Scandal Spoiled.

"Of course he and his wife seem devoted to each other now," said the jealous Miss Gaussip, "but do you think she will always be so true and all that?"

"Well," replied Miss Kidder, "I have reason to know that only last night he had occasion to set a trap for her."

"Ah! Do you know, I suspected something"—

"They more than suspected. They knew there were mice in the house."—Philadelphia Press.

The Lamp of a Man's Life.

Dr. Holmes said the lamp of a man's life has three wicks—brain, blood and breath—and to turn down any one of them makes the other two go out. The wounds a man will survive and even disregard so long as his head, heart and lungs are unhurt have long been one of the wonders of war history.

The Burden of Golf.

Golfer (with a full bag, looking for a caddie)—I say, my friend, do you happen to know of any one who"— Near-sighted Villager (testily)—No, I don't. All the folks round here does their own umbrella repairin'.—Puck.

Cutting.

Young Wife—How fortunate I am in possessing a husband who always stays at home in the evening! Bosom Friend—Yes; your husband never was much addicted to pleasure.

Not Impressed.

Bobbie—Pa says you're a self made man. Visitor (proudly)—Yes, my boy, I am. Bobbie—Ain't you sorry now you didn't let somebody else help you?—Boston Transcript.

Suggestive.

Mary (aged six)—Uncle Charlie, I wish you many happy returns of your birthday, and mamma said that if you gave me a dollar not to lose it.—Lippincott's.

Too Empty.

Bonney (morning of the second day out)—Come, old boy, let's go out on deck. Breakfast won't be served for half an hour yet, and a brisk walk on an empty stomach will do you good.

Klabber (feebly trying to smile)—Take a walk on yours, if you like, chappie. Mine is—is entirely too empty.—Chicago Tribune.

His Discipline.

"Pop, you must take this child in hand. I have had about all that I can stand. She has no notion of minding me; it is time you took her across your knee."

"Send her to me," said Pop, with a frown. "It won't take me long to tone her down."

But how could he punish her, tell me, do, when she looked at him with her eyes of blue? Looked at him in the same glad way that her mother did in that faroff day when she was his sweetheart and he her beau. How could he strike her I'd like to know?

But still he took her upon his knee and at once was lost in a reverie that carried him back to a shady street and a little maid whom he used to meet, a blue eyed maid whose counterpart now sat on his knee with a beating heart, waiting for him to forget those days and punish her for her wilful ways.

Mom peeped in through the half closed door. They were playing jacks on the parlor floor, playing jacks and quarreling, too, just as two children are apt to do. She frowned, it was more than half caress, "I will have to punish them both, I guess."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Origin of Confetti.

The history of confetti is rather curious. Several years ago a large printing works in Paris was turning out immense quantities of calendars, through which a small round hole had been punched to receive an eyelet for holding the sheets together. A heap of the little circular scraps of paper cut out by the punch accumulated on a table, and one of the machine men amused himself by scattering a handful of them over a working girl's hair. She immediately snatched up a handful and threw them in his face. Other girls followed her example, and the first confetti battle began. The head of the establishment came in when it was at its height, and, being what the Americans call a "smart man," he at once realized that there was "money in it." He ordered special machinery, placed large quantities of the new article on the market, made a fortune and created a new industry.

The Ways of Moles.

Among common animals few have been less studied in their life history than the mole. An English naturalist, Mr. Lionel E. Adams, says that under the "fortress" which the mole constructs above the surface of the ground will always be found a series of tunnels running out beneath the adjacent field. A curious feature almost invariably found is a perpendicular run penetrating about a foot below the bottom of the nest and then turning upward to meet another run. A mole is never found in his nest, although it may be yet warm from his body when opened. Guided by smell and hearing, a mole frequently locates the nest of a partridge or pheasant above his run and, penetrating it from below, eats the eggs. The adult mole is practically blind, but there are embryonic indications that the power of sight in the race has deteriorated.

An Arab Legend.

"There is none so poor but there is one poorer."

A poor Arab spent his last bara on a handful of dates and went up on a high cliff to eat them and die. As he threw the stones over a lean hand shot out below and caught them.

"Ho!" said he. "Why do you catch my date stones?"

"Because, O brother," answered a weak voice, "I have not eaten these three days, and Allah has sent these stones to save my life."

"Praise be to Allah," answered the first man, "for he has saved me also, for here is one poorer than I."

And both men went into the city.

First Test of the Air Pump.

The first public test of the air pump was in 1654 by its inventor, Otto von Guericke, in the presence of Emperor Ferdinand of Germany. Guericke applied the carefully ground edges of metallic hemispheres, two feet in diameter, to each other. After exhausting the air by his apparatus he attached fifteen horses to each hemisphere. In vain did they attempt to separate them because of the enormous pressure of the atmosphere. The experiment was a great success.

Schoolboy Definitions.

Here are some definitions from the schoolroom: "A Jacobite is a man descended from Jacob." "Snoring is our breath meeting the air which is coming in our mouth." "Sneezing is a kind of 'coffing' in the throat." Another boy writes, "When you are cold the inside of your body rumbles and then it makes a noise which is called sneezing." "A telephone is a kind of long wire with a spout at each end."—Westminster Gazette.

A Good Opportunity.

"Your pa's coming down on Saturday. I wonder if that would be a good time to speak to him?"

"Yes. When ma tells him what she's spent down here he'll be glad to get rid of the lot of us!"—Comic Cuts.

Unfortunately Expressed.

Violinist (one of a trio of amateurs who have just obliged with a rather lengthy performance)—Well, we've left off at last!

Hostess—Thank you so much!

In Art Circles.

"That picture is by an old master," the owner stated proudly.

"Umph, umph," commented the critical visitor. "What was he master of?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

His Advice.

She (after the embrace)—Oh, how dare you! You have offended me. What shall I do?

He—Er—why not "turn the other cheek?"—London Tatler.

What Did It Mean?

A notice board in a Scottish kirk once bore, it is said, the following amazing sentence: "This church is licensed for the solemnegation of marriages!"

Raising a False Issue.

A story well known to lawyers of the last generation is about the "umbrella case." A man was charged with stealing an umbrella, and a number of witnesses went into the box to testify to the offense. The counsel for the defendant noted that each witness carried an umbrella (the time of year was midsummer, which explains the necessity for these impediments). As a matter of fact, the prisoner had no defense to make. The barrister, thrown on his wits, exclaimed: "Gentlemen of the jury, did you not notice that each of the witnesses carried an umbrella into the box? Why is this, gentlemen? It is done in order to infect your minds with the idea of an umbrella, to prejudice the prisoner in your eyes, to raise 'a false issue,' and I appeal to you to signify your detestation of this concerted action by bringing in a verdict of not guilty." The judge, who imagined that little attention would be paid to such a plea, took little time and less pains to sum up the case. The jury nevertheless brought in a verdict in accordance with the resourceful barrister's wishes.—London News.

Hot Air.

The sirocco blows hot from the highlands of north Africa and falls on the Mediterranean as far as Malta. The solano jumps like a windy fireball from the heat of the Sahara desert and lands flatfooted in Spain. The harmattan blows hot Sahara dust far into the Atlantic and gives nosebleed and makes skin and lips parch and crack, while furniture and ship timbers groan and crack and scream in an agony of droughty despair. The khasmin blows Sahara's ancient dust into Egyptian eyes every fifty days. The pamperos periodically blow down into Buenos Aires out of the unexplored desert highlands of Brazil, and the blowing causes suicides and murders to be more common and wounds to break out afresh, with a heavy death rate. Pamperos pass away in a second, leaving the air fine.—Exchange.

The Bulldog.

The bulldog, unlike the majority of dogs, very seldom barks. In fact, owing to the construction of his throat his attempts at barking are more like a burlesque of the real thing. He wades into a fight without any vocal warning, and the only sound he emits is his heavy breathing. His courage is astonishing, and the largeness of his opponent never acts as a deterrent when hostilities are imminent. Still, as he is not a quarrelsome dog, he very rarely indulges in street brawls, and, as he is exceedingly good natured, it takes a lot to rouse him.

The modern bulldog is undoubtedly a different looking animal from his bullfighting ancestors. The most conspicuous "improvements" introduced by the present day "fancy" are largeness of head, width of chest, heaviness of bone and more typical tail.

Why She Was Pleased.

"Do you mean to tell me that you actually overcame that ancient antipathy of yours for Mrs. Muggsby and called on her this afternoon?" said his wife's husband.

"That's about the size of it," replied her husband's wife.

"And she was glad to see you?"

"There isn't any doubt about it."

"Why do you think that?"

"Well, I had on that old dress I've worn three seasons and a hat that is entitled to a prominent place in some museum for antiquities, while she had on a new gown just from Paris. Oh, yes, I'm sure she was tickled to death, figuratively speaking, when I called!"—Chicago News.

A Sample of Suggestion.

A popular comedian and playwright was praising the humorous value of suggestions.

"It is funnier to suggest a thing," he said, "than to say it out. Playwrights should remember this. Suggestion, pregnant suggestion, is what makes really funny the little boy's remark to his father:

"'Pa, if you help me with my arithmetic lesson tonight I'll tell you where ma hid your trousers.'"—New York Sun.

The "Best Girl" Habit.

"Why," asked her anxious and excited mother, "do you think he is coming to the point at last?"

"Well," the maiden replied, looking demurely down at the rug, "when he took me in his arms and kissed me last night he said he'd got so used to me he didn't believe he could ever break himself of the habit."

Fellow Professionals.

Phrenologist (to fellow passenger)—Excuse me, but am I right in taking you for a professional man? Fellow Passenger—Yes, sir. Phrenologist—Thanks! It's not often that I make a mistake in judging my fellow men. Er—lawyer? Fellow Passenger—No, sir; barber!

The Main Point.

"I am glad to say that I bear no man a grudge."

"But the point is this: Are you of sufficient importance to make any man care whether you bear him a grudge or not?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Other Things.

"Remember, my boy, there are other things worth while in college besides athletics."

"I know. The mandolin and glee clubs aren't half bad."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

He that is ungrateful has no guilt but one. All other crimes may pass for virtues in him.

On the Line.

"The artist over the way was boasting to me that his work is being hung on the line."

"Humph! So is his wife's."

Fame is the perfume of heroic deeds.—Socrates.

Listen to others, but do not blindly depend on them.

Fairly Warned.

A man who was writing a telegram at one of the long tables in the Western Union building was asked in German by one of two men who stood near him where they could find out how much a telegram to a certain place in the far west would cost. The man volunteered to make the inquiry, did so and returned, saying that they might send a message of ten words for a certain price and that address and signature would not count. After assuring himself that the men could write he walked away, but was stopped at the door by one of the strangers with profuse thanks. "I have been in the city only a few days," he said, "and was told on shipboard and since I landed that everybody would try to swindle me. I spoke to two men today, and both did me a favor. I no longer have any fear." "That's right," said the man, "but, just the same, look out for the third man."—New York Tribune.

She Loved His Tomb.

An immensely wealthy widow who gave yearly hundreds of thousands to charity decided to personally inspect some individual cases of deserving poverty herself. One of her agents brought before her a poorly clad woman, saying:

"Here is a poor old woman, a very decent sort of person. Her husband used to go about with a dancing bear. This creature, though usually very tame and gentle, one day threw itself on its master and ate him up."

"Alas, my good sir," the old woman broke in, "since that moment the poor beast and myself have been without a home!"

"What! The beast!" asked the wealthy woman. "Is it the same that devoured your husband?"

"Alas, my good lady, it is all that is left to me of the dear lamented one."—New York Herald.

Sleep.

The first sleep is the soundest—after the first hour the intensity of sleep slowly diminishes; hence the value of forty winks after dinner in quickly recuperating shattered powers. Temperature and vitality are lowest at about 2 a. m., so that two hours' sleep before midnight are worth four thereafter. Nature has no rule as to the length of sleep, except that men need less than women, since women are the more sensitive creatures and a woman's heart beats five times more in a minute than a man's. Sleep should be just so long that when you wake in the morning a stretch and a yawn only are necessary to land you in a daytime of bounding vigor. As to early rising, it is comforting to hear Dr. Bryce say it is a habit that has gone far to wreck the constitutions of many a growing youth.—London Express.

He Met His Match.

The Russian marshal Suvaroff was famous as a jester and was fond of confusing the men under his command by asking them unexpected and absurd questions. But occasionally he met his match. Thus one bitter January night, such as Russia only can produce, he rode up to a sentry and demanded:

"How many stars are there in the sky?"

The soldier, not a whit disturbed, answered coolly:

"Wait a little, and I'll tell you." And he deliberately commenced counting. "One two, three," etc.

When he had reached 100 Suvaroff, who was half frozen, thought it high time to ride off, not, however, without inquiring the name of the ready reckoner. Next day the latter found himself promoted.

Gypsies and Death.

The custom of placing the property of the dead in their graves has always been followed by the true Romany gypsies. It is due to some old tradition of ill luck attending the possession of an article whose former owner is gone, and much valuable property is buried in this belief. There is also a sentiment among gypsies against the possession of anything that has belonged to a dead person, because it serves to remind the living of the departed and inspire in them a dread of death. The custom of burying their property with gypsy dead dates from the earliest history of the Romany tribes.

Odd Superstitions.

In England there is a superstition that if a bride and groom eat periwinkle leaves together they will love one another. Should he after marriage prove recalcitrant here is a way to win him back: Take a piece of the root of a wallflower and a partridge's heart, roll them into a ball and make the man eat it. If you want to know whether your lover loves you, crush some bleeding heart. If the juice is red, he does; if it is white, he does not.

His Mistake.

They were in the thick of their first quarrel.

"I thought your tastes were simple," said the husband. "I didn't expect to find you such a high flier."

"Yes, you did," she answered. "You knew all about my being a high flier, as you call it, but you thought I'd be dirigible."

Golf Stick and Scythe.

"Your boy Josh is something of an expert at golf."

"I reckon," replied Farmer Corntossel discontentedly. "But he can't make two licks with the scythe without foolin'."—Washington Star.

Trouble teaches men how much there is in manhood.—Henry Ward Beecher.

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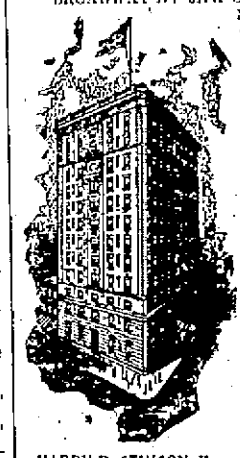

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The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor and Manager.

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Saturday, August 20, 1910.

Some men never succeed because they only expect opportunity to knock at the door during business hours.

It is a waste of breath to reply to such a blatant demagogue as Bristow of Kansas.

Wouldn't it be a pretty compliment to the people of Newport if Admiral Schroeder should offer to land his men for a big street parade next week?

The people of Newport undertook a big contract when they undertook to feed twelve thousand blue-jackets, but they have carried it out well. The committee who had the affair in charge deserve great credit.

This has been a great week for Newport. A great enterprise has been undertaken and carried out successfully—that of feeding and entertaining twelve thousand men. The managers and workers in this affair deserve much credit.

The act allowing the City of Newport to appropriate five thousand dollars in any one year for public occasions and celebrations passed both branches of the General Assembly and was signed by the Governor in less than an hour's time on Thursday.

Representative Nolan of Providence, the Democratic leader of the House of Representatives, wants the State Senate reorganized so as to give the city of Providence the control of the upper branch of the General Assembly. He will hardly have his wishes granted at present.

New York Republicans do not seem to want ex-President Roosevelt to dictate to them. They said emphatically No Sir, when his name was proposed as temporary chairman at the State Convention. In his stead Vice President Sherman was selected, and thereat the insurgents are unhappy and the ex-President is mad.

The finest work of Congressman Sheffield in the last session of Congress caused an appropriation to be made by that body of $459,000 for the improvement of Providence river and harbor. The act is conditioned on an equal amount being raised in some other way. The City of Providence has appropriated $200,000 and the General Assembly this week has set aside $259,000 from the $500,000 voted by the people two years ago for the improvement of Providence, East Providence and Pawtucket harbors. The Government will begin work at once.

The Providence Tribune in its hatred for those who have accumulated any property, suggests that an inheritance tax be made at the rate of 100 per cent. In other words, if a person dies leaving any property, confiscate it at once. There would be just as much justice in confiscating one hundred per cent of an estate as there would be in taking ten or even five per cent of it. If a person comes by his property honestly he has a right to it whether it be much or little. The State has no right to assume to take it away from the individual or his heirs, except in the same proportion that it takes from the property of the living on the basis of a just and equal taxation for public benefit.

The General Assembly has had a busy three days' work this week. The districting bill and the various acts connected therewith have been passed and have now become laws. This makes the greatest change in the Constitution of the state that has been made since the adoption of the present Constitution in 1842. It remains to be seen how it will work out when put to the test at the November election. The City of Newport has been divided into five representative districts. If now the Representative Council make the boundaries of the five wards conform to the district boundaries, much labor and no little confusion will be avoided. The division has been made on the population basis, and in this respect the five districts are almost exactly equal. It remains to be seen how nearly equal will be the voting strength of the five districts.

New Hampshire will try the primary law for the first time this year. Every man in the State who wants an office whether it be moderator of a town or ward meeting or Governor of the State must put himself up as a candidate, send his name to the Secretary of State. He prepares the caucus ballot and on September 6th both parties ballot on the candidates of their respective parties. Just now would-be candidates for Governor, members of Congress, Senators and Representatives in the legislature and all others down to the lowest office to be filled are going up and down the length of the State buttonholing the voters and importuning them for support. After the nominations are made then the successful candidates of each party will again canvass the State for votes. This is a sort of two town meetings and keeps politics in that State rampant for several months. New Hampshire is the first of the eastern States to adopt this western fad and we doubt much if it spreads beyond her border.

General Assembly.

The adjourned session of the General Assembly has been held this week for the purpose of taking action upon the recommendations of the districting commission appointed by the Governor last winter. Although this was the most important matter to come before the Legislature there were other matters that were considered while much other business that was presented was allowed to go over until the next January session.

The Legislature convened on Tuesday when the report of the districting commission was received and sent to the judiciary committee. At the same time a substitute report and resolutions framed by the judiciary committee was presented and referred to that committee. At the session on Thursday there was a sharp debate over the bill in the Senate, Senators McKenna and Galvin opposing it on party lines. The substitute act as reported by the committee was passed without amendment.

On Tuesday a resolution to pay the members of the districting commission was introduced in the House, and it is regarded as likely to go over to the next session. Governor Pothier sent a message to the Legislature recommending conservation of the State resources, and an act was subsequently passed creating a conservative commission, and limiting their expenses to $3000, the members to serve without pay. The Governor announced the appointment of Frederick H. Jackson, Henry Fletcher and Samuel M. Conant as State Harbor Improvement commission and the Senate has confirmed the appointments. Isaac H. Clarke and Daniel B. Fearing have also been approved as members of the Inland Fish Commission.

An act allowing the City of Newport to appropriate not to exceed $5000 for public entertainments in any one year has been passed in concurrence. The tax measures which were laid over to this session last spring were not taken up, except for the passage of a resolution continuing the tax commission until the next session to further consider the matters. An act was passed giving the town of Jamestown authority to elect a harbor master.

At the session on Friday an act was passed making the State Librarian ex-officio State Record Commissioner, and it was understood that he would appoint Miss Edith M. Tilley as deputy to continue the work on the Revolutionary records begun by her father.

The General Assembly took final adjournment on Friday.

Personal and Party Politics.

[American Economist.]

Perhaps nothing could better illustrate the strength of the cause of insurgency than the fact that generals of such mediocre brain power as Dolliver and Cummins can win such great victories at its head.—New York Press.

We should say that such leadership as that of Dolliver and Cummins was scarcely an index of strength in the sense of permanent effectiveness. Mobs have strength. In 1877, when a great metropolis of the West was in the hands of rioters for forty-eight hours, street cars were halted by little bands of half-grown boys, armed with laths and broomsticks, the passengers were forced to alight, the horses unhitched, and the cars overturned. These boys had boy leaders, and they were successful leaders for a brief time, but their leadership faded away later when order and government had been restored.

The cause of insurgency can hardly be considered strong because it selects such leaders as Cummins and Dolliver, men with neither the brains nor the political sagacity to perceive the ultimate and the inevitable. These are seldom perceived by mob leaders. Insurgency in Iowa is a craze brought on by too much attention to personal politics and too little regard for party politics. Cummins is the product of this mania for personal politics. But can Cummins survive the day of reckoning which must surely come when the solid farmers and business men of Iowa, all of them good Protectionists, shall realize the fact that "Cumminsism" has taken the form of an issue and has precipitated a conflict with Republicanism and Protectionism?

It has often been said that no one man is stronger than his own party. Is Cummins likely to prove an exception to this rule? There is no reason to think that Cummins the individual is stronger than the Republican party in the State of Iowa. When the Republicans of that Republican State shall awaken to the discovery that they have been tricked into playing the game of personal politics for the individual advantage of an ambitious politician, they will know what to do with Cummins.

Along the Panama Canal in July the excavation amounted to 2,406,288 cubic yards and the concrete laid to 131,653 cubic yards. These figures would have been increased but for the fact that the rainfall for the month was 15.65 inches. The record needs no explanatory note.

A magazine writer in New York pleads that his receipts have fallen off so much since Mr. Roosevelt went out of office that he is longer able to pay alimony to a divorced wife. There are minds in which this plea will be taken as the shadow of a third term.

The Standard Oil Company has asked to have its taxes raised in Chicago. This is the highest sign of a genuine philanthrophy Mr. Rockefeller has yet given. In some quarters it may be taken as a sign of something worse.

The Waterways Convention.

The following is the programme for the week of the Atlantic Deeper Waterways Convention:

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 31st

Convention opens 10 a. m. Providence Opera House.

Addresses by Mayor Fletcher, of Providence; Congressman John H. Small, of North Carolina; William S. Greene, of Massachusetts; J. Hampton Moore, of Pennsylvania, and Richmond P. Hobson, of Alabama (Lieutenant Hobson, of "Merrimac" fame). The latter's subject is "Inland Waterways as an Aid to National Defense."

Afternoon Session—Rear Admiral C. S. Sperry, U. S. N., presiding.

Addresses by Commander Alfred Brooks Fry, U. S. N., Chief Engineer U. S. Treasury Service; Hon. Herbert Knox Smith, Commissioner, Bureau of Corporations; Major John F. Fitzgerald, of Boston; Hon. Calvin Tomkins, Dock Commissioner, New York; Hon. Loyed E. Chamberlain, President, Massachusetts State Board of Trade; Hon. Joseph F. Gray, Railroad Commissioner, Georgia.

Evening Session—Hon. William W. Cocks, M. C., New York, presiding.

Informal Reception.

Addresses by Senators, Congressmen and Delegates from Atlantic Coast States, closing with lantern slide talk on "The Coast Project."

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 1ST.

Morning Session—Hon. Anthony Higgins, former U. S. Senator, Delaware, presiding.

Addresses by Hon. O. P. Austin, Chief Bureau of Statistics, Washington, D. C.; Hon. M. F. Ansel, Governor, South Carolina; Hon. Frank B. Weeks, Governor, Connecticut; Hon. Willis L. Moore, Chief, Weather Bureau, Washington, D. C.; Mr. Edward W. Douglas, President, Troy Chamber of Commerce.

Afternoon Session—Hon. Joseph A. Goulden, M. C., New York, presiding.

Addresses by Mr. Theodore Kolischer, U. S. Delegate to International Refrigeration Congress, Vienna; Hon. J. Franklin Fort, Governor, New Jersey; U. S. Senator-elect N. B. Broward, Florida; Hon. Roswell B. Burchard, Speaker, House of Representatives, Rhode Island.

Evening Session—Smoker and entertainment by the Providence Committee, with separate entertainment for ladies.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 2D.

Morning Session—Hon. Aram J. Pothier, Governor of Rhode Island, presiding.

It is expected that Mr. Secretary Knox, of the Department of State; Governor Hughes, of New York, or Mr. Secretary MacVeagh, of the Treasury Deparment, will speak this morning, after which Commander Robert E. Peary, of Arctic fame, will discuss "Difficulties of Arctic Navigation," illustrated.

Afternoon—Rhode Island and Providence will be hosts at a great clam-bake at Vanity Fair. This event promises to excel anything ever attempted in the way of a Rhode Island clam-bake, famous as that institution has become. Yacht racee, incident to a water carnival in Narragansett Bay, will be a part of the day's entertainment. Three Armored Cruisers, the "Tennessee," "Montana" and "North Carolina," will be in the harbor.

Evening—Illuminations, fireworks and naval display.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3D.

This day will be devoted to an inspection of beautiful Narragansett Bay, enlivened by War Ships, Sailing Yachts and Motor Boats; visits to Naval Training Station and other Government institutions, with a stop at Newport.

Evening—Homeward bound.

Mackerel of Maine.

(Lewiston Journal.)

That the mackerel have not wholly played out in Maine waters was evidenced Tuesday when about 1,000 pounds were received at Portland from down the bay, where they had been caught in the traps; but there is no denying the scarcity of this toothsome fish.

Captain W. H. Corkum of the Gloucester schooner Benjamin A. Smith, who was here yesterday in his schooner, scouts all ideas that have been advanced to account for the disappearance of the fish this year. "Natural causes will be found at the bottom of the whole question," declares the captain. "We haven't seen a decent school of tinkers for a long time. It is my opinion that the spawn of the mother fish that came north and escaped the seiners did not hatch, and if it did hatch, then the fish did not mature. Conditions of the bottom of the ocean bottom of the spawn itself will be found at the bottom of the question. The acid from the river where the paper mills are located, the dogfish, the southern seiners have all been blamed, but they have not had a thing to do with it.

"Just twelve years ago the fishermen were having the same kind of a time they have been having this year. A complaint was made that all the mackerel were being caught and that they were becoming extinct. Then all of a sudden tinkers were reported and the water was found to be alive with the fish from Block Island to Cape Sable and the fishermen did an immense business.

"During the last ten years the mackerel fishermen have made more money than they did in the fifteen years previous. This is an off year; next season may find the mackerel plentiful. We must take our good year with our bad."

A View of Taft.

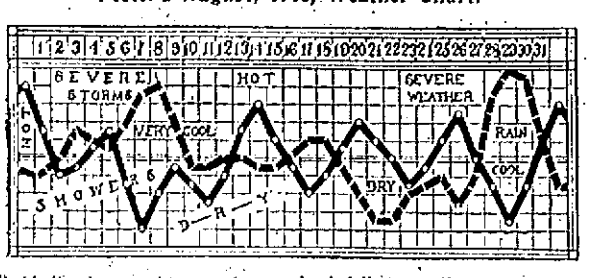
(Letter in London National Review.)

Congress adjourned with President Taft a great deal stronger with both Congress and the country than he was when the session opened seven months ago. Mr. Taft has not had an easy time of it in the first year of his presidency. He has been pitied by his friends and hammered by his enemies. Mr. Taft ploughed his lonely furrow, and like the good ploughman he drove forward in a straight line and kept his eyes to the front. The courage, the patience and the sincerity of this quiet but determined man have told, and the country, impressed by his qualities, has come to realize that he is a great deal more a master of a very complicated game than was generally supposed.

Alaska has just elected its delegate to Congress, and though there were three candidates no Democrat entered the race, which is another confirmation of Mr. Folk's statement that Democrats in the West are leaving the party.

WEATHER BULLETIN.

Foster's August, 1910, Weather Chart.



Treble line is normal temperature and rainfall; heavy line temperature and broken line rainfall forecast. Going up they indicate a probability of rain or higher temperatures and going down the reverse. Rain will be deficient for August in Florida, Texas, Ohio valleys and parts of the plains states. Elsewhere from about to above normal. Temperatures will average below normal.

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Washington, D. C., Aug. 18.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent Aug. 24 to 28, warm wave 23 to 27, cool wave 28 to 30. This will be a radical disturbance, particularly in great central valleys. Excessive rains where I have predicted more than usual rain for August and excessive drouth where I have predicted drouth for this month.

About date of this bulletin a dry storm will be crossing the continent and drouth conditions will be largely increased by evaporations. In places the corn and cotton crops will suffer by drouth, while in the excessive rain sections very fine growing weather will prevail.

First disturbance of September will reach Pacific coast about Aug. 29, cross Pacific slope by close of 30, great central valleys 31 to Sept. 2, eastern sections 3. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about Aug. 29, great central valleys 31, eastern sections Sept. 2. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about Sept. 1, great central valleys 3, eastern sections 5.

The important features of this disturbance will be the inauguration of a great and long hot wave that will continue to near middle of month, and a week of heavy rains in the sections for which I have calculated an excess of rainfall for September; see below.

I am not expecting severe storms with this disturbance. In the drouth sections the force will develop into heat and in the districts of excessive rains for September these forces will go toward increasing rainfall.

The rainfalls of September will be excessive in southern and southwestern Texas, probably as far north as Dallas and Fort Worth, and the cotton crop of southern Texas will be greatly benefited. Frosts will not occur there till November and the top cotton will have a long and vigorous growth.

The northern lakes will also get an excess of rain in September and the country thereabouts will be greatly benefited as to the late crops and pastures. Warm weather and rains will particularly be favorable to late corn.

Some places in middle and western Canada will get too much rain in September for late crops but generally the crop-weather of September will be favorable to those sections. Eastern Canada will get sufficient rain excepting a few small localities.

North and South Carolina will get sufficient rain in September and their cotton crop will be greatly benefitted thereby. Top cotton will make a long and vigorous growth.

Balance of the country, including Cuba, will have a deficiency of rain, except a few small localities about Chicago, Boston, Columbus, Ohio, where local rains will bring relief.

This leaves a very large section of country with a large deficiency of moisture. September will be a drouth month with the exceptions mentioned. Most rain will fall not far from September 3 to 7, near 21, 26, 30.

I am sorry that I cannot make out a better cropweather month for September but the calculations, made by easy arithmetic, are as I have stated.

Time is money. In fact, in the matter of healing a broken heart, time will do almost as well as money.

The only way to learn to do great things is to do small things well, patiently, loyally.—David Starr Jordan.

All the world's a stage, on which every prominent character has a thousand understudies.

WEEKLY ALMANAC

AUGUST 1910 STANDARD TIME

		Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon rises	High water Morn	High water Eve
20	Sat	5 11	6 52	11 15	7 16	7 31
21	Sun	5 15	6 51	11 50	7 55	8 15
22	Mon	5 16	6 50	mo'n	8 40	9 00
23	Tues	5 17	6 48	0 32	9 22	9 46
24	Wed	5 18	6 47	1 23	10 07	10 31
25	Thurs	5 19	6 45	2 23	11 00	11 27
26	Fri	5 20	6 43	3 29	11 52	

New Moon, 5th day, 1h. 37m., morning
First Quarter 12th day, 9h. 1m evening
Full Moon 20d day, 2h. 11m., evening
Last Quarter, 27th day, 6h. 33m., morning

MIDDLETOWN.

Mr and Mrs. Edward P. Sisson are entertaining Miss Carrie W. Sturtevant of South Dartmouth, Mass., at their home on Gypsum lane. Miss Sturtevant was recently engaged to teach at the Paradise School the coming year. Her niece, Miss Lottie Sturtevant of New Bedford, was a former teacher at the Oliphant School in Middletown.

Rev. John B. Diman, who has been spending the greater part of his vacation in France, returned from abroad the latter part of last week. Rev. Arthur N. Peaslee, who sailed with Mr. Diman and who is travelling through Europe, will not return until September.

Rev. Latta Griswold, of the Berkeley Memorial Chapel, was assisted on Sunday by Rev. John T. Huntington, of Hartford, Conn., who preached an eloquent sermon on church unity, "That the world might believe on Jesus Christ." Professor Huntington, always an ardent exponent of the "Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man," is about to give up preaching, being somewhat along in years, and his sermon of Sunday which "might be his last," he said, was an earnest appeal for union and friendliness among all denominations. The offertory was the usual offering of this chapel for the benefit of St. Mary's Orphanage, Providence, one of the Diocesan charities.

Thursday of next week the regular meeting of Aquidneck Grange will be devoted to "Children's Day," in charge of Mrs. Edward J. Peckham.

The Republicans of Tennessee have nominated a strong ticket with great unanimity and much enthusiasm and they expect to win the election this fall. With Missouri, Kentucky and Tennessee in the Republican ranks the solid south would seem to be somewhat disrupted. Even in Texas there is hope of Republican success this fall.

Texas Republicans have made a strong nomination for governor and adopted a platform to match. The Democrats who protest against Senator Bailey's leadership have the choice of a practical way to do it.

Too Tame for Him.

"I suppose you will soon be giving up your motor and getting an airship?"

"Not at all. There's no fun in going up in the air and only frightening a few eagles."—Stray Stories.

Hoffman, the German physicist, arrived in Glasgow late one Saturday night and on Sunday morning went to call on Lord Kelvin. The doorbell was answered by a woman servant, whom Hoffman asked if Sir William was at home.

The servant answered, "Sir, he most certainly is not."

Hoffman then asked, "Could you tell me where I could find him?"

"Sir," she answered, "you will find him at church, where you ought to be!"

Fairly Warned.—"Mr. Smith," spoke up the young lawyer, "I come here as a representative of your neighbor, Tom Jones, with the commission to collect a debt due him."

"I congratulate you," answered Mr. Smith, "on obtaining so permanent a job at such an early stage in your career."—Success.

Cause and Effect.—"Well, nurse, and how is our patient this morning?" "He appears to very be much improved this morning, doctor." "Alive!" "Yes, sir; that medicine you said you were going to send out to us wasn't delivered."—Houston Post.

"Father, what do you wish me to be when I grow up?" "The same as I am, my son—a lawyer." "Then, instead of wasting any more time on arithmetic, geography and such truck I'd better be getting at the hypothetical question, hadn't I?"—Judge's Library.

Flattery is merely praise of other people.

If you don't put in a good word for some people they feel put out.

HOUSES, SITES AND FARMS

Persons living in other States, away from Newport and wishing information for themselves or friends regarding Tenements, Houses, furnished and unfurnished, and Farms or Sites for building, can ascertain what they want by writing to

A. O'D. TAYLOR,

REAL ESTATE AGENT,

132 Bellevue Avenue Newport, R. I

Mr. Taylor's Agency was established in 1887.

He is a Commissioner of Deeds for the principal States and Notary Public.

Has a Branch Office open all summer in Jamestown, for Summer Villas and Country places.

Deaths.

In this city, 12th inst., at the residence of his parents, 41 Connection street, John, son of Matthew and Mary Cox, aged 20 years.

In this city, 13th inst., at her residence, 15 South Baptist street, Annie T., wife of Joseph Martin.

In this city, 15th inst., at the residence of his parents, 9 Vicksburgh place, Antonio, infant son of Francisco and Jacinto Ferreira.

In this city, 16th inst., at his residence, corner Hope street and Rhode Island avenue, R. Hammett Tilley.

In this city, 17th inst., Elliott, infant son of James E. and Elizabeth S. Alexander.

In this city, 17th inst., at his residence, 10 Fir street, Edward F. O'Hara.

In this city, August 18, at her residence, 73 Spring street, Lucy Murray, wife of Dr. E. C. Holloway.

In this city, 18th inst., at the residence of her parents, 5 Willow street, Ellen, infant daughter of Ellen and Dennis J. Dooley.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

PEDRO MONTT

President of Chile Expires Suddenly in Bremen Hotel

MONTT DIES VERY SUDDENLY

President of Chile Stricken Upon Reaching Bremen

HAD JUST LEFT STEAMER

Never Recovered From Shock He Received by Shooting of Gaynor, by Whose Side He Stood When Tragedy Occurred—Had Been Chief Executive of His Country Since 1906—Distinguished For Conciliatory Policy

London, Aug. 17.—President Pedro Montt of Chile died at a hotel in Bremen shortly after arriving on the steamship Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse at 11:50 o'clock last night.

Death was due to a recurrence of heart failure, following the recent attack of angina pectoris, from which he suffered.

President Montt was standing near Mayor Gaynor when the latter was shot last week in Hoboken, and the shock unnerved him to such an extent that he never recovered.

Pedro Montt became president of Chile in September, 1906, and his term of office extended to 1911. He succeeded German Relsco as chief executive. He was elected by an enormous majority, and was supported by a really national party.

Pedro Montt was a member of one of the best known families in Chile, for his father, Manuel Montt, was president of the Chilean republic from 1851 to 1861, and to him, chiefly, because of his strong will, national history gives high credit for a firm and productive administration.

President Montt was elected to the lower house soon after his admission to the bar in 1868. He held his seat for many years and was then returned senator. During those years he had often been a member of the cabinet, and was more than once premier.

At various times he was speaker of the chamber of deputies and a councilor of state, and during a brief but trying period was minister plenipotentiary at Washington. In all the offices he held Montt was distinguished for his conciliatory and well-defined policy. His avowed ambition as president was to return to the country its former high position in the financial world, to govern the nation with the greatest economy compatible with efficient public service and to live at peace with all its neighbors. He was the champion of a sound financial system.

In debate on foreign policy his voice was raised in favor of a peaceful and honorable settlement of difficulties. In the years between 1889 and 1902, when the frontier dispute with the Argentine republic brought Chile near to war, when practically everyone was ready and waiting the order to march, Montt untiringly poured oil on the troubled waters. To him was given much of the credit for the happy result finally secured.

Double Drowning at Beach

Lynn, Mass., Aug. 19.—Alonzo Leandrin, 18, and Alfred LeBlanc, 25, were drowned at Nahant beach. The two played ball in the surf until the tide rose, when they swam out. It is thought that they became overheated while playing ball and took cramps when they plunged in the water.

Gaynor Continues to Improve

New York, Aug. 19.—Nothing has developed to indicate that Mayor Gaynor is not making daily progress toward recovery. The bulletins issued by his physicians are brief and optimistic.

Brussels Fire Loss Is $10,000,000

Brussels, Aug. 19.—Lloyds assessor here estimates that the total loss to the insurance companies by the fire in the international exhibition building will probably amount to $10,000,000.

Japs to Build Gunboat For China

Pekin, Aug. 18.—China has placed a contract for the construction of two gunboats in Japan.

WITHIN THIRTY MILES OF GOAL

Moissant Is Held Up by Accident to His Aeroplane

A CONNECTING ROD BREAKS

Machine Partly Wrecked In Brick Field, but Aviator and His Passenger Escape Injury—Intends to Resume Trip as Soon as Repairs Are Completed—Air Men Learn Something New About Use of Compass

London, Aug. 19.—Two accidents to his monoplane Thursday brought down to earth the American aviator, John B. Moissant, who on Wednesday made a remarkable flight across the English channel with a passenger on a daring attempt to fly from Paris to London. Moissant's aeroplane lies partly wrecked in a brick field near Rainham, thirty miles from London.

By a remarkable stroke of fortune, which seemed to have followed the almost inexperienced aviator on the first two days of his flight, Moissant and his mechanician, Albert Fileux, escaped unhurt.

But the machine came heavily to the ground, alighting in a narrow space, banked high around with earth and piles of broken brick. There it is likely to remain until it can be removed piecemeal and refitted with parts now on their way from Paris to replace those that were broken by the fall.

Moissant resumed his flight from Tilmanstone yesterday. The weather was clear and hardly a breeze stirred the air. Everything seemed most favorable to the accomplishment of his hopes, but he was obliged to descend near Sittingbourne. A small pin had become displaced, and almost from the start it gave the aviator trouble.

After this defect was repaired Moissant reascended, but before he had gone many miles a connecting rod was broken, which forced him to use the planes to reach the ground.

The aviator is in no way discouraged at his misfortune, and promises as soon as the machine is in working order again to make another start for Crystal Palace, or wherever he can find a suitable landing place in London.

Moissant is the hero of the British press. The papers print columns of descriptive matter concerning his flight, and interviews, while many of them have editorials on the unique feat, which, it is said, will bring aeroplaning into practical every-day life. It is argued that if a passenger can be carried across the channel in a strong wind there is no reason why the air should not be utilized to carry mails and passengers in the near future.

The thing that most impresses the London newspapers is the fact that Moissant steered by compass. All air men have complained that the compass is useless in connection with air flights, on account of the strong vibration from the motor. Moissant appears, however, to have surmounted this difficulty. Speaking of this he said:

"You have heard people say that the compass is useless in aeroplaning. What about by English compass, floating in glycerine, air-tight and placed just between my feet? That is what took me straight to Amiens, to Calais, and would have taken me to Dover had I not seen ships yonder and thought that Walmer must be the town."

Moissant up to the present has covered roughly 225 miles in three stages, carrying his passenger all the way. His feat is all the more extraordinary in that he had used an aeroplane only five times before.

SHORT WEIGHT IN LARD

Boston Dealers, With One Exception, Charge For Weight of Pail

Boston, Aug. 18.—"Only one dealer in Boston so far as I have been able to determine gives honest weight in pails of lard. I propose to conduct a rigid campaign against such short weights."

Sealer of Weights and Measures Woolley made this announcement in discussing an investigation he had made into the measures in which lard was sold. All of the manufacturers with one exception weigh the pail in computing what is sold to the consumer as a three, five or ten pound pail of lard. The result is that the ordinary consumer is cheated out of from two to eight ounces of lard.

Lynn Puts Ban on Firearms

Lynn, Mass., Aug. 19.—The city of Lynn has come to the front as the first municipality to take action to restrict the sale of firearms. No one will in the future be able to purchase a revolver or shooting instrument of any kind in Lynn without a written order from Chief of Police Burckes.

In One Parish Fifty-Four Years

Boston, Aug. 19.—Mgr. Franciscus Goller, pastor for fifty-four years of St. Peter and St. Paul's German Catholic church, died yesterday. He was 79 years old and was known throughout this country for his efforts to establish Catholic schools in every parish.

Montt's Body Embalmed

Bremen, Aug. 19.—The body of Pedro Montt, late President of Chile, been embalmed and will rest in the Catholic church of St. Johannes until it is taken back to his country.

Canada's Population Is 7,489,781

Ottawa, Aug. 19.—The population of Canada on March 31 last was 7,489,781, according to the estimate of the census department.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

"Angel of the Trenches" During the Crimean War.

GAVE LIFE TO THE SICK

Death of Florence Nightingale, Noted as Heroine of Crimean War

London, Aug. 15.—Miss Florence Nightingale, the famous nurse of the Crimean war, and the only woman who ever received the Order of Merit, died at her London home.

Although she had been an invalid for a long time, rarely leaving her room, where she passed the time in a half-recumbent position, and was under the constant care of a physician, her death was somewhat unexpected.

On May 12 last she celebrated her 90th birthday and was the recipient of a congratulatory message from King George.

Florence Nightingale, the most famous of army nurses and the best-loved woman in England, gave practically her whole life to the care of the sick and to the prevention of disease. She was the founder of modern nursing, organizing a new system during the Crimean war.

The British government only recently bestowed upon her the highest honor ever paid a woman by admitting her to the Order of Merit, all the other members of which are men.

INGERSOLL TELLS OF BANK SHORTAGE

He Alone Knew of Discrepancy In York Institution

Biddeford, Me., Aug. 19.—Breaking his silence of a week, enforced by his physical condition, which it had been feared would result in death, Richmond H. Ingersoll managed feebly to give a brief account of his stewardship of the affairs of the York County Savings bank, of which for fifty years he was treasurer.

His accounting was one of shortcomings, for Ingersoll admitted that there is a shortage in the bank's funds. The exact amount of this shortage he could not tell, he said, nor could he say definitely over how many years the discrepancy ran.

To President Prescott of the bank and Bank Examiner Skelton, with whom he had the interview, Ingersoll declared that the depositors' individual accounts, as represented in their pass books, had in no wise been tampered with. He asserted that he alone was aware of the discrepancy.

TRAVESTY ON JUSTICE

Wholesale Tampering With Veniremen in Illinois Bribery Case

Chicago, Aug. 19.—Judge Korstem, in whose court Lee O'Neil Browne is up for retrial on a charge of buying votes for Senator Lorimer, was compelled to dismiss six more veniremen. This makes 111 veniremen dismissed from the last three panels upon their own statements that they have been "approached" with reference to their possible service as jurors.

"I do not know who is tampering with the veniremen," said the court. "I do not take sides, but someone is doing corrupt work. I sincerely hope we will find out who is guilty and that they will be brought to the bar of justice. They are making a travesty of the administration of the law."

THREATEN ANOTHER WAR

Milk Producers Want Extra Session of Massachusetts Legislature

Boston, Aug. 17.—A repetition of the recent milk strike was threatened by the milk producers last night in a letter sent to Governor Draper by the Boston Co-operative Milk Producers company.

Unless the governor calls an extra session of the legislature to revise the statutes passed this year regulating rates for milk, the producers state that another strike is the only alternative left them.

SELL EGGS BY WEIGHT

Order Must Be Obeyed by Wholesale Dealers In New York

New York, Aug. 18.—"Eggs must be sold by weight. All that remains to be determined is how it can be done most conveniently and when the new order of things shall begin. If you think this is wrong, if you think there is no authority in the law for such an order, take it to the courts and let them decide."

This was in effect the ultimatum given by Commissioner Driscoll of the bureau of weights and measures, to fifty or more wholesale dealers in eggs who attended a hearing held by him in the matter at city hall.

ROOSEVELT IS TURNED DOWN

Defeated For Temporary Chairman of New York Convention

OLD GUARD IS IN EVIDENCE

Vote of Twenty to Fifteen Against Former President, Who Sought Position That He Might Take Active Part In Campaign—State Committee Unanimously Chooses Sherman For the Place

New York, Aug. 17.—Theodore Roosevelt suffered a sharp defeat in his home state when the Republican state committee, by a vote of 20 to 15, rejected a resolution naming him as temporary chairman of the Republican state convention to be held at Saratoga on Sept. 27. Vice President Sherman was unanimously chosen to act as temporary presiding officer of the convention.

The "Old Guard," led by State Chairman Woodruff and William Barnes, Jr., of Albany, encompassed the defeat of Roosevelt, whom several of the state leaders charged with attempting to dictate the fortunes of the Republican party in the state.

After the meeting had been called to order by Woodruff and the time and place of the state convention chosen, Barnes offered a resolution presenting the name of Sherman for temporary chairman of the Republican state convention. New York County Chairman Griscom moved to substitute the name of Roosevelt and also moved that the vote be postponed until later. After much debate the motion to postpone was defeated by a vote of 12 to 23 against.

The resolution to make Roosevelt temporary chairman was then lost by a vote of 20 to 15, following which Sherman was unanimously chosen for the temporary presiding officer of the convention. The state committee then adjourned to meet Sept. 26, at Saratoga.

Commenting upon the action of the committee in rejecting the name of Roosevelt, Griscom said; "I presented the name of Roosevelt after consulting with him. The place of the temporary chairman was obviously his, not only by the virtue of his having been president of the United States, but the signal services rendered by him to the Republican party in New York state.

"Mr. Roosevelt was anxious to engage in the political campaign in this state, and his name at the head of the convention would have lent extraordinary prestige to the meeting and been of incalculable value to the party throughout the state. The action foreshadows a great many primary contests, as it is obvious that those voting to deny him the office of temporary chairman will have to account to the enrolled Republicans of their respective districts for their action.

"There was no question of endorsing or not endorsing the administration. If an effort is made to show the choice of Sherman is an indorsement, whereas the choice of Roosevelt would not have been, it must of necessity fail, as Roosevelt's views regarding the conduct of public affairs by his successor are well known."

Mr. Roosevelt received the interviewers last evening and gave out this typewritten statement:

"To the various persons who asked me whether I would accept the position of temporary chairman of the state convention I said I would do so only if they were sure, after knowing my attitude, that they desired me, because my speech would be of such a character that it might help if the convention nominated the right kind of man on a clean-cut, progressive platform, but that it would hurt if neither the right kind of man were nominated nor the right kind of platform adopted."

He said he did not care to add to the statement, and he would not answer questions. He left no doubt, however, in the minds of the interviewers that he realizes that he must fight the "old guard" organization in the state convention at Saratoga.

Insurgency In Golden State

San Francisco, Aug. 18.—That California is insurgent in its Republican politics was proven beyond question when Hiram Johnson, leading exponent of anti-machine doctrines, swept the field in the direct primaries, winning his party's nomination for governor by a plurality that will border on 50,000 when all returns are in.

Just how great was the extent of the disaster to the stalwarts cannot be known until outlying districts have been heard from, but every indication points to a clean-cut declaration by the party for insurgency.

Higher Wages For Telegraphers

Washington, Aug. 18.—The arbitration board which considered the dispute between the Southern Railway and its telegraphers filed a settlement giving an 8 percent wage increase and improving working conditions.

OVER A THOUSAND DEAD

Most of Japanese Flood Sufferers Dependent on Public Relief

Tokio, Aug. 16.—Casualties from the great floods which inundated many districts in Japan and submerged two of the principal wards of Tokio almost entirely, were given out, after official investigation, as 1112 dead and missing.

A total of 3953 houses were washed away, in addition to the thousands which were under water during the flood but resisted the strain. Thousands of persons are homeless and dependent on public relief.

MUST SHOOT TO HIT

Orders to New Bedford Policemen After a Clash With Strikers

New Bedford, Mass., Aug. 19.—This city is in the throes of one of the worst strikes it has seen in many years, which has resulted in the cessation of building operations, holding up many thousands of dollars' worth of contracts and throwing at least 2500 men out of work.

Shots were fired yesterday in the heat of the fray between the police and the 1100 strikers. They were not shots to kill, however, but simply fired in the air for the sake of intimidating the strikers.

This will not happen again, according to Chief of Police Mason, for he says that he has given instructions for his men, if they are obliged to shoot at all, to shoot for a purpose.

The trouble came as a result of the action of the strikers in interfering with men who were at work upon the various building contracts.

OUTLOOK MORE PROMISING

Worsted Mills In Olneyville Resume Running on Full Time

Providence, Aug. 19.—The thousands of mill operatives in Olneyville, the largest woolen worsted mill section of the state, are further encouraged by the announcement that the mills of the American woolen company, which have been on a four and five-day schedule for several months, will run on full time. This includes the Riverside mills, which have been closed for three weeks.

While the mills are not running to their full capacity, the depression which has held the community in its grip for some time is disappearing and a more promising outlook is in sight.

SAXONIA'S CAPTAIN UNDER $2000 BAIL

"Knowingly" Failed to Prevent Landing of Chinese Aliens

Boston, Aug. 16.—A warrant was was issued for Captain H. M. Benison, master of the Cunard steamship Saxonia on the trip on which she is supposed to have brought eight Chinamen unlawfully to this port. Benison is charged with "wilfully, unlawfully, knowingly and negligently failing to prevent the landing in the United States" of eight Chinamen, one of whom is in custody.

The captain was arraigned before Commissioner Darling. To the charges preferred against him he pleaded not guilty and had the case continued to Sept. 10, when the Saxonia returns from England, his bail being fixed at $2000, which was furnished.

The information upon which the charges are based is provided by Acting Immigration Commissioner Hurley and Chinese Inspector McCabe.

Made Speechless by a Blow

New York, Aug. 18.—Michael Cennaro, a bootblack, aged 16, struck on the head recently in a fight with another youngster, left the Presbyterian hospital last evening apparently sound physically, but as speechless as the Sphinx.

Champion Woman Ball Thrower

Iowa City, Ia., Aug. 17.—Ada Palmtin, aged 15, threw a league baseball 187 feet at a baseball game here in striving to break the record set by Myrtle McCarroll of Oak Park, Ills., in July, when she covered 180 feet.

AWFUL RASH ALL OVER BOY'S BODY

Weeping Eczema Kept Spreading on Little Sufferer—A Score of Treatments Prove Dismal Failures—Grateful Father Tells of

CURE ACHIEVED BY CUTICURA REMEDIES

"It gives me great pleasure to express my deep gratitude in appreciation of the incalculable benefit that the Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Resolvent did my little boy. He had an awful rash all over his body and the doctor said it was eczema. It was terrible and used to water awfully. Any place the water went it would form another sore and it would become crusted. A score or more physicians failed utterly and dismally in their efforts to remove the trouble. Then I was told to use the Cuticura Remedies. I got a cake of Cuticura Soap, a box of Cuticura Ointment and a bottle of Cuticura Resolvent, and before we had used half the Resolvent I could see a change in him. In about two months he was entirely well. When people see him now they ask, 'What did you get to cure your baby?' and all we can say is, 'It was the Cuticura Remedies.' So in us Cuticura will always have firm and warm friends. (Signed) George F. Lambert, 139 West Centre St., Mahanoy City, Pa., September 26 and November 4, 1907."

MILLIONS OF PEOPLE

Rely on Cuticura Remedies.

Millions of the world's best people use Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment, assisted, when necessary, by Cuticura Resolvent (liquid or pills) for preserving, purifying and beautifying the skin, for eczemas, irritations and inflammations, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scales and dandruff, and the stopping of falling hair, for baby rashes, itchings and chafings, and many sanative, antiseptic purposes which readily suggest themselves to women, as well as for all the purposes of the toilet, bath and nursery. Guaranteed absolutely pure.

Cuticura Soap (25c.), Ointment (50c.), Resolvent (50c.), and Chocolate Coated Pills (25c.), are sold throughout the world. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., 137 Columbus Ave., Boston.

Mailed Free, Cuticura Book on Skin Diseases.

You Take a Vacation

But Interest Works Right On.

There are no vacation or holiday periods with Interest. Even while you are taking your summer vacation, your money is working for you day and night at compound interest, if you have an account with the Industrial Trust Company.

4 per cent. Interest Paid on Participation Accounts

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303 THAMES STREET.

Capital $3,000,000 00 Surplus $3,000,000 00

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143 Thames Street PHONE 1133

MILLINERY

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Jungle Housekeeping.

The negro housewife in the West Indian jungle finds housekeeping very easy. Fruit and vegetables grow wild all about the hut and the river abounds with fish. On wash day all she has to do is to pick a few of the berries of the soap berry tree, take her clothes to the river and use the berries as she would use ordinary soap. Even her cooking pots grow on the trees, the calabash cut in halves being used for this purpose. Calabashes are used also for bowls, basins and jugs for carrying water from the river, while the small ones make excellent cups. In the afternoon, when she is ready for her cup of tea, the negress picks half a dozen leaves from the lime bush growing at her door, boils them, squeezes the juice from a sugar cane for sweetening and the cocoanut supplies the milk. Thus she has a delicious cup of tea without depending on the grocer for it. She makes the mats for her floor out of the dried leaves of the banana, plaited and sewed together as the old country people in this country make their rag mats.

Not For Himself.

"It does me good to see a pompous man get his," said a stockbroker. "I have a friend who just about believes the Lord created the earth in seven days for his especial benefit. He has a fine home on Long Island, with a retinue of servants, but his wife is a semi-invalid, and it falls to the lot of Mr. Pompous to execute various commissions for her in the city. The other day she asked him to stop at a clothing store and get a couple of white duck jackets for the butler. I happened to be with him when he entered the store. Striding majestically up to a sallow little salesman, he said, with much impressive dignity:

"'I wish to purchase a couple of white waiter's coats.'

"'Yes, sir,' said the little salesman, 'What size do you wear?'

"Mr. Pompous got red in the face spluttered and gurgled, and then as if fearing to trust himself to speech turned on his heel and strode from the place. He left me at the next corner and has avoided me ever since."—New York Sun.

An Experience at Hull House.

Even death itself sometimes fails to bring the dignity and serenity which one would fain associate with old age. I recall the dying hour of one old Scotchwoman whose long struggle to "keep respectable" had so embittered her that her last words were gibes for those who were trying to minister to her. "So you came in yourself this morning, did you? You only sent things yesterday. I guess you knew when the doctor was coming. Don't try to warm my feet with anything but that old jacket that I've got there; it belonged to my boy who was drowned at sea nigh thirty years ago, but it's warmer yet with human feelings than any of your confounded charity hot water bottles." Suddenly the harsh gasping voice was stilled in death, and I awaited the doctor's coming, shaken and horrified.—Jane Addams in American Magazine.

Empty Titles.

William Jennings Bryan once joked about our American fondness for titles.

"You all know of the colonel," he said, "who got his title by inheritance, having married Colonel Brown's widow? But I once met a general who got his title neither by inheritance, nor by service, nor by anything you could mention.

"'General,' I said to him, 'how do you come by this title of yours, anyway?'

"'Why, sir,' said he, 'I passed my youth in the flour trade and for twenty-seven years was a general miller.'

"I know another titled man, Judge Greene.

"'Are you, sir,' I once asked him, 'a United States judge or a circuit court judge?'

"'I ain't neither,' he replied. 'I'm a judge of hoss racin'.'"

Fear.

Fear causes more disease than do microbes, more deaths than famine, more failures than panics. It costs more than war, is always a failure and is never necessary, said a medical man. Fear weakens the heart's action, induces congestion, invites indigestion, produces poison through decomposing foods and is thus the mother of autopoisoning, which either directly causes or greatly aids in the production of quite 90 per cent of all our diseases.

Simplified Spelling.

"Why did you take Elnora away from school, Aunt Mahaly?" a lady asked her cook one day. Aunt Mahaly sniffed scornfully.

"'Cause de teacher ain't satisfactionary tub me, Mis' Mally. What you reckon she tell dat chile yistidy? She 'low dat IV spell four when even a idjut 'ud know dat it spells ivy."

Not Strong Minded.

"Your wife, Clark, is, I should say, a strong minded lady."

"There you would be wrong. I should rather describe her as brittle minded."

"Brittle minded?"

"Yes; she's been giving me pieces of her mind for years."

An Easy Arrangement.

Wife—Am I, then, never to have my way in anything? Husband—Certainly, dear. When we are both agreed you can have your way. When we differ I'll have mine.

Optimistic.

"I was pinched for being too optimistic."

"Aw, come off."

"Fact. I thought the stock I was selling would be worth something some day."—Washington Herald.

It Covers the Land.

"We shall never see that great American novel. It can't be written."

"Why not?"

"We have too many dialects."

"Write it in baseball vernacular."—Washington Herald.

Poor Pickings.

The new boarder had never been on a farm before. She was filled with interest and delight in everything she saw. On the morning after her arrival she saw Mrs. Howe apparently picking berries from some pretty green plants beyond the wall as she strolled in the road.

"Those are charming little plants," she said, pausing, with her eyes fixed on a pail which hung on Mrs. Howe's arm. "What kind of berries grow on them? Does it take long to fill a pail like that?"

Mrs. Howe looked down into the pail with a meditative air and answered the second question.

"I should hope 'twould," she replied.

"What kind of berries are they?" persisted the young woman. "I can't quite see. What are you picking?"

"Tater bugs," said Mrs. Howe as she made another contribution to the depths of the pail.—Youth's Companion.

Public Speaking Explained.

The Japanese visitor to the city was asked to make an after dinner speech. He arose and began quaintly.

"I often wonder," he said, "why it is you Americans will hinder your digestion by making these after dinner speeches. We Japanese rest after our meals. It is much better. I know that I traveled with a Japanese legation over the United States, and everywhere the Americans would make us dine, then ask us for speeches afterward. We would much rather have dined at our hotels and retired afterward to rest for the following day. I asked some one why it was, this universal after dinner speechmaking among the American men at public dinners, and he replied that the American man never had a chance to say anything at home and that was why."—New York Press.

Had a Good Reason.

Dan, a colored man, was employed as porter in a mercantile establishment in a town in Florida, and his duties required him to have the store swept by 7 o'clock in the morning. He had been late for many mornings, and on the sixteenth consecutive time his employer remonstrated with him thus:

"Dan, why can't you get here on time?"

"Well, Mr. L.," said Dan, "yer see, I live the other side of Mount Hermon cemetery and can't always get yere on time."

"Why in the world do you live so far from your work?" said his employer.

Without a moment's hesitation Dan responded.

"Yer see it's dis yere way, Mr. L.—I'll be honest' wid yer—I wants a home beyond the grave."

Testing His Scales.

"Thank heaven James has quit calling me Baby!" said the woman who weighs over 200 pounds. "A strange butcher shamed him out of it. It was done unconsciously too. That is why it was so effective. Since I began to diet I have been weighed often. The other day when James was buying liver for the cat he remarked that he wished there were reliable scales in the neighborhood to weigh Baby on.

"Said the butcher, 'Bring her down here.'

"'Thanks,' said James; 'I will.'

"James told me the butcher was expecting us, so we went. He was ready for us. He had rigged up a nice little shawl arrangement suspended from the hanging scales to put baby in, and then he was introduced to—me. James hasn't called me Baby since."—New York Times.

Curious Old English Law.

It is interesting to recall in connection with railway accidents that only a few years back any instrument which by accident was the immediate cause of loss of human life became in English law "deodand"—that is, became forfeit to the crown, to be devoted to pious purposes. This law applies to locomotives, but in course of time coroners' juries, instead of claiming the forfeit, inflicted a fine. In the year 1838 a locomotive on the Liverpool and Manchester line which by exploding caused the death of its engineer and fireman was fined £20, while the following year another engine on the same line was fined £1,400.

Making Sure.

"Johnnie!"

"Yes'm?"

"Why are you sitting on that boy's face?"

"Why, I"—

"Did I not tell you to always count a hundred before you gave way to passion and struck another boy?"

"Yes'm, and I'm doin' it; I'm just sittin' on his face so he'll be here when I'm done countin' the hundred."—Houston Post.

Napoleon's English.

Napoleon I. began to learn English at St. Helena, and there is a letter extant from him which begins: "Since sixt week I learn the English and I do not any progress. Six week do fourty and two days. If might have learn fivty word for day I could know it two thousands and two hundred."

Lucky Dog.

"My wife is excessively fond of her poodle. Actually, I'm beginning to look on it as a sort of a rival to me."

"Say, you're lucky. I'm only a sort of a rival to my wife's poodle."—Kansas City Times.

Her Excuse.

Widow (to dressmaker)—You must really wait awhile for payment for the mourning dresses. We are still too sorrowful to consider financial matters.

Saving His Feelings.

The Office Boy (to persistent lady artist who calls six times a week)—The editor's still engaged. The Lady Artist—Tell him it doesn't matter. I don't want to marry him. The Office Boy—I 'aven't the 'art to tell 'im that, miss. He's 'ad several disappointments today. Try and look in again next year.—London Sketch.

Pricked His Own Bubble.

This story, found in Rev. Dr. Henry H. Jessup's book, "Fifty-three Years in Syria," seems to indicate that religious vagaries are as short lived in the east as elsewhere. A friend of Dr. Jessup, visiting Jerusalem, met a queer looking solitary stranger pacing the streets of the city, accosted him, and after the usual greetings remarked:

"You are an American, I infer."

"Yes, I am," replied the queer looking man.

"And what are you doing here, if I may ask?"

"Ah, yes, I'm glad you asked. You see, I've come to preach the new doctrine, that there is to be no more death. If men will only accept it, we'll abolish death, and there'll be no more dying, nor graves, nor coffins, nor funerals. We shall just live right on."

"But," said Dr. Jessup's friend, "supposing you should sicken and die, what then?"

"Oh," said the man, "that would bust the whole thing!"

And it did. The poor delirious apostle died a few months later, and with him his "new doctrine."

Couldn't Think of It.

The handsome young plumber laid aside a piece of lead pipe and, approaching the beautiful kitchen maid, said:

"You look awful good to me."

"Go on; quit your kiddin'," she replied.

"But I mean what I say."

"I ain't got any time to listen to you now. Can't you see I'm busy?"

"Yes, but what's the use workin' when a fellow wants to make love to you? Say, if I make this job last so I can come back tomorrow will you have your work out of the way so we can talk things over? You're the purtiest girl I ever seen."

"If you think you can make a fool of me by such silly talk you're mistaken."

"But I mean every word I say. I want you to try to learn to love me."

"If you want to make love to me come around this evening. I'll be here."

"What! On my own time? What kind of a chump do you think I am?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Exact Thomas.

Thomas Hear, the devoted servant upon whom Gilbert White, the English naturalist, depended to carry out his garden plans and to look after his comfort in many ways, was noted for his exactness. Mr. H. C. Shelley, in "Gilbert White and Selborne," gives an amusing illustration.

There was one occasion when Thomas came to report, "Please, sir, I've been and broke a glass."

"Broke a glass, Thomas! How did you do that?"

"I'll show you, sir," he rejoined as he disappeared for a moment. Returning with a glass in his hand, he let it fall on the floor, remarking:

"That's how I broke it, sir."

"There, go along, Thomas; you are a great fool," said his master, adding to himself, "and I was as great a one for asking such a foolish question."

Getting an Autograph.

A Munich boy of fourteen, who had seen and admired many of Rudolf von Seitz's paintings, was anxious to secure the painter's autograph, but did not know how to go about it. After much thought he wrote a letter, stating that he had sent a case of wine to the professor's address, and wanted to know whether it had been received. Thinking the matter of sufficient importance the painter did not write, but called at the address given, met the boy's mother, and the fraud soon became apparent. The boy was thoroughly scolded, and next day received this autograph note:

It often happens here on earth
That little rogues to great ones grow.
Some autographs for which you're trying
Can be procured without much lying.

Queer Looking Worms.

New Zealand, Australia, the Samoan and the Solomon Islands as well as portions of the Hawaiian group are the homes of various species of worms with thick, heavy bodies and with a well defined neck connecting the body with a head that is a startling reminder of that of the monkey. In the Sandwich islands they are called "me-ta-lu-ki," which means "creeper with a child's head." An old New Zealand legend says that at one time they were of immense proportions and threatened the extinction of all human life on the islands.

Irish Wit.

Swift scoffed at Irish "wit" in some biting lines. Nevertheless Irish wit is one of the most precious things. One soon has a surfeit of the professional funny man in England, the pawky Scot, the American humorist. The Irish peasant never disappoints, and with him it is all so naive and natural.—London Saturday Review.

Goodness and Greatness.

Goodness comes from within—from feelings, thoughts and desires resulting in actions. Greatness is the consequence of bold actions, great energy, ambition, enterprise and perseverance.

Impressed Her.

"You will never be able to make her believe that he is a liar.

"I wonder why?"

"I believe that he once told her she was beautiful."—Houston Post.

Backing.

Borrowby—The scheme would be a howling success if I could secure the proper backing, and— Grimshaw—The only backing I am doing this year is out.—Puck.

Integrity of life is fame's best friend.—John Webster.

Your Own Misfortunes.

Bear your own misfortunes with half the resignation that you bear other people's and you will be happy. It is so easy to tell other people how to be heroic and so difficult to be courageous ourselves.

We are sure to get the better of fortune if we do but grapple with her.—Seneca.

Laid In a Stock.

When the late Pierre Lorillard was a boy, his mother, being annoyed by moths that destroyed the woolen clothing and other material of the household, agreed to pay him a cent apiece for every moth he would kill in the house and bring to her. The same bargain was made with his brothers, Jake, George and Louis. In course of time Mrs. Lorillard noticed that, while the other children collected from her at intervals from 10 to 25 cents, Pierre drew on her frequently for a $1 at a time, indorsing his drafts with 100 dead moths. Investigation revealed the bent of the future financier as well as his early adaptability to methods governing the acquirement of wealth. Having procured from a furrier some pieces of fur thrown away because they were infested with moths, Pierre secreted them in an old chest in an unused closet. There the quickly accumulating moths were banked, to be drawn upon whenever the inventor and perfecter of the enterprise required pocket money.

Knighted Actors.

It is an odd fact that of the English actors knighted all but one had first to legalize the names under which they had won fame. The question arose with the first proposition to confer knighthood on a gypsy. It would be absurd so to honor one John Henry Brodribb. Yet legally no such person as "Henry Irving" existed. No such obstacle had to be overcome when, on the occasion of Victoria's diamond jubilee, Squire Bancroft knelt before his queen and arose Sir Squire. However, the three actors knighted by King Edward bore cognomens of their own invention. Sir Charles Wyndham was born Culverwell, and Sir John Hare, Fairs. As for Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, his brilliant wife once put it "'Tree' is a fantastic thing we just tacked on. We're all plain Beerbohms—plain as brother Max!"—Argonaut.

The Old English Prize Ring.

In the latter days of the English prize ring innumerable expedients had to be devised to bring off a fight. A favorite plan was to pitch the ring on the borders of two counties, so that the question of magisterial jurisdiction might be rendered difficult. Another plan was to charter a steamboat and proceed down the Thames to some lonely police forsaken spot in the marshes of Essex. For the memorable contest between Sayers and Heenan in 1860 a special train was run from London bridge to a secret destination. But the passengers, who comprised members of parliament, peers, pickpockets, pugilists, clergy and, it is said, a few bishops, cheerfully took tickets simply marked "excursion." They presently found themselves near Farnborough, in Surrey, where the fight occurred.—London Chronicle.

Original of Falstaff.

Sir John Fastolf was the original of Shakespeare's Falstaff and in his day was a continual butt for the jests of the town and borough of Southwark. Though he had fought at Agincourt, when Jack Cade invaded the borough, he showed great cowardice. When Cade was yet some way off Fastolf had armed and fortified his house and garrisoned it with veterans of the French wars. On the arrival of Cade, however, he withdrew his garrison and fled to the Tower, leaving his neighbors to the mercy of the rebels. Fastolf's matrimonial adventures seem also to have been another source of unpopularity, for, having married a widow named Scrope, he seized her property and kept his stepson out of his inheritance during his own lifetime.—London News.

"Great Expectations."

Charles Green, one of Dickens' illustrators, had two models, one of whom was a likable fellow, while the other, Gregory by name, was a greedy, self seeking character, always thinking of himself and his perquisites.

When Green was on his deathbed Gregory was very officious, and one day Green, noticing this, said to him:

"Oh, I haven't forgotten you, Gregory; got you down in my will."

At the funeral Gregory invested in a wreath and duly attended to hear the will read.

Green had kept his word, and the model was not forgotten.

"To my dear friend Gregory," ran the document, "I leave, for his kindness to me, an illustrated edition of 'Great Expectations.'"

Against His Principles.

"What was that man making such a fuss about?" asked the restaurant proprietor.

"He found a couple of hairs in the food, sir," replied the waiter.

"Oh, is that all?"

"You see, sir, he's a vegetarian, and you can't get him to eat anything but vegetables."—Yonkers Statesman.

The Human Lobster.

The lobster has always appealed to the Englishman as affording a nickname for his fellow Englishman. "Lobster" was a favorite term of abuse among the Elizabethans, though it is only conjectural that an allusion to red faces was conveyed. As signifying a soldier, "lobster" originated in the civil war, being applied to the Roundhead cuirassiers, as Clarendon explains, "because of the bright iron shells with which they were covered." Afterward the allusion was transferred to the soldier's red uniform. But that was the "boiled lobster." The "raw lobster" was naturally the man in blue, the policeman. In earlier days we find Grose explaining that "to boil one's lobster" meant for a clergyman to become a soldier.—London Chronicle.

A Slight Change.

Slight changes sometimes make a great difference. "Dinner for nothing," would be agreeable, for instance; not so, "Nothing for dinner."

His Wish.

Tom—I wish this ten dollar bill was a ten dollar debt. Dick—Heavens! Why? Tom—I'd never get rid of it.—Cleveland Leader.

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Many Uses of Sand.

The sands of the sea are singularly useful. They are of primary importance in glassmaking. They have an important place in warfare, as a bank of sand twenty inches thick is proof against modern rifle shots. The electrical properties of sand show that it has positive electricity, although a rod of silica, the chief constituent of sand, is negative.

The singular drying effect which occurs when a stretch of wet sand is pressed by the foot is due entirely to an alteration in the piling of the sand grains. Normally the grains are close together, but abnormal piling is brought about by pressure of the foot, the space between the edges of the grains being enlarged and the water drained away. If the pressure of the foot is continued the sand becomes wetter than ever, the partial vacuum quickly bringing water from the surrounding sand.

In quicksand the moving character is thought to be due to the imprisonment between the grains of gases from organic matter.—Chicago Tribune.

Caught.

A shopwalker in a large business, noted for his severity to the assistants under him, one day stepped up to a counter from which a ladylike person had just left unserved.

"You let that lady leave without making any purchase?" he asked angrily of the meek looking young man responsible for the handkerchief department sales.

"Yes, sir. I"—

"And she was at your counter fully ten minutes?"

"Doubtless; but, then, you see"—.

"Exactly. I saw that, in spite of all the questions she put to you, you rarely answered her and never attempted to get what she wanted."

"Well, but"—

"You need not make any excuse. I shall report you for carelessness."

"Well, I hadn't what she wanted?"

"What was that?"

"Five shillings. She was canvassing for subscriptions to an encyclopedia."—London Globe.

An Aquatic Tragedy.

When visitors came, Bobby was often turned out of his room and into the garret for a night or two. He did not object to this, but he felt that it endangered certain cherished possessions. When his uncle, the clergyman, arrived unexpectedly one night Bobby was transferred to his garret quarters in haste and with small ceremony, and neglected to take any precautions to guard his treasures.

"I have to thank the thoughtful person who placed a glass of water on the table near the bed last night," said the clergyman the next morning. "I awoke in the night and found it refreshing—most refreshing."

"Oh!" said Bobby, in a tone of sorrow and reproach. "You've drinked up my nice new 'quarium, and all"—

But here Bobby's revelation was suppressed by his mother.—Youth's Companion.

Who Got the Baby?

Once upon a time a crocodile stole a baby and was about to make a dinner of it. The frantic mother begged so piteously for the child that the crocodile said:

"Tell me one truth and you shall have your baby again."

The mother replied, "You will not give him back to me."

"Then," said the crocodile, "by our agreement I shall keep him, for if you have told the truth I am not going to give him back, and if it is a lie I have also won."

But the mother said, "If I told you the truth you are bound by your promise, and if it is not the truth it will not be a lie until you have given me my child."

Who got the baby?

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

The Pardon Paperweight.

Under the headline "A Queer Municipal Gift", a Vienna paper tells this story: "In the year 1860 a private soldier stationed at Sass killed an officer of his regiment and was condemned to be shot. Comrades who knew the extenuating circumstances, friends, priests, relatives—all pleaded in vain for mercy, the colonel in whose hands the matter rested insisting on the death penalty. The day came and the man was taken to the place of execution. Six members of his regiment, armed with rifles, one of which contained a blank cartridge, took their places as executioners. The man's eyes were bandaged and with arms securely pinioned he stood ready for the volley, shouting 'Comrades, aim well!' when a mounted courier dashed into the crowd waving a white flag, crying 'Pardon!'. He was Lieutenant Baron du Mont, with the colonel's pardon, which would have been useless had it arrived one minute later. The municipality secured the five bullets from the firing squad, had them silvered and mounted in the form of a tiny pyramid on a silver plate, and this, suitably inscribed, is known as the 'pardon paperweight,' the only one of its kind."

The Useful Crocodile Fish.

In the rivers and lakes of the Mexican state of Tabasco there swims a fish known as the "crocodile fish" which is most useful to man.

The skin of the crocodile fish, if properly cured, may be utilized for any of the purposes for which the lighter weights of leather are employed. The oil of the crocodile fish is a perfect lubricant and also used for softening leather. In addition to its qualities as a lubricant and emollient, the oil possesses medicinal qualities for which a superiority to the finest of Norwegian cod liver is claimed. The flesh of the crocodile fish is extensively used by the natives as food and highly relished by them as one of the delicacies of the country. Crocodile fish range in length from ten inches to four feet, and when dried assume an ashen hue, with lighter shadings of a bluish tint.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Poor Human Nature.

The woman who had succeeded in that rather difficult task—making a boarding house pay—was confiding to a friend some of the tricks of the trade.

"While you must never allow your boarders to get too far behind in their payments, it is also true that you will profit considerably by allowing them a little leeway. So long as you are sure of your money it pays a landlady to have her boarders a week or two behind in their board."

"I don't see that," interrupted her friend.

"Well, I'll tell you," continued the landlady. "When a man owes back board you have him at a certain disadvantage. Not one in a hundred under such circumstances has the nerve at mealtimes to ask for a second helping.—New York Times.

No Sense of Proportion.

The young man who had spent his efforts for several years without result in studying art was talking with his practical uncle, who had patiently paid the bills.

"Of course," said the young artist, "I know I haven't made much of a go of it, but I don't think you ought to advise me to try something else. You know it's best to put all your eggs in one basket and watch that basket."

"Um! That may be, Charlie; but did you ever think how foolish it is to put so many baskets around one bantam egg?"

SANTAL-MIDY

These tiny CAPSULES are superior to Balsam of Copaiba, Cubebs or Injections and RELIEVES in 24 HOURS the same diseases without inconvenience.

MIDY

Refuse substitutes

Lonely Miss Barbara.

MRS. T. GODFREY.

"From envy, hatred and malice, and all uncharitableness."

The rector's rich, full voice floated down the hushed church, rousing echoes to Miss Barbara Lynn's shriveled heart. She dropped her head in her hands with a little sigh, and joined her tremulous treble to the response:

"Good Lord, deliver us!"

Then she cowered down with a shiver, peeping at the girl in front of her between her fingers. How fresh, how young, how happy she seemed as she knelt close by the young man, evidently her lover.

Miss Barbara's eyes moistened. Something in the girl's rosy face reminded her of days long dead. The swift movement of the small, brown hand as it slid confidently into the young man's under the pew ledge, sent a quiver of exquisite pain into the old maid's breast. With a gasp she closed her eyes, and tried to concentrate her thoughts on the prayers. But instead they wandered back into the glade of youth, and, with the tantalizing image of those two before her, a feeling of rebellion against her fate surged over her, she felt herself indeed a hypocrite, for the Lord had not yet delivered her from the throes of envy.

The sense of her shortcoming overwhelmed her with horror, and although force of habit made her chime in with the congregation her mind was in a country lane, her heart throbbing with the remembrance of a tall youth, with sun-kissed curls and blue eyes like the blue of heaven.

For years she had not let her mind dwell on such things, but had lived her quiet life feeling that she was "going softly," that nothing pained her much nor gave her excessive joy, imagining that her heart had died in the lane flecked with dancing shadows of leaves and the golden light of the setting sun, when her lover had kissed her good-by, long years ago.

And lo, the the sight of a strange, handsome young couple had awakened the old aching pain, and reminded her of what might have been.

The rustle of the rising crowd swept through the building like the rush of a hurried sea. Mechanically she rose also, her sweet face flushed by the pink of emotion, her eyes shining dark through unshed tears, her snow-white hair ruffled by nervous hands.

She must be brave. Lovers still thronged the world, though she had had her day and was no longer young.

She opened her hymn book and held it upside down; for the girl's hair claimed her attention. It shone like burnished brass, and here and there a centured sunbeam dazzled the enchanted eye with elfilke mischief.

Miss Barbara's hands trembled so violently as she looked, that she dropped the book into the seat before her. The girl turned quickly and handed it back, with such a smile of bewitching charm, and sparkling dimples, that Miss Barbara quailed. The blue dancing eyes pierced her to the soul, and sent her bewildered thoughts circling back to the forbidden past.

When the voice of the people soared up on high, Miss Barbara's remained silent. The thrill of the music added to her emotion, she closed her eyes, and imagined she was looking once more into those like the blue of heaven. Again she felt the loved arms around her and leaned against the brave young breast, while on her chaste lips she felt a kiss.

Then, suddenly, a cold wind swept over her, and the murmur of voices fell on her ears. With a shudder she raised her heavy eyelids and stared around in surprise, for she was out in the sun-baked churchyard, on the soft, green grass, and the blue-eyed girl was bending over her, anxiety in her pretty face.

"Do you feel better?" she asked.

"Yer," stammered Miss Barbara, her cheeks unfurling the flag of confusion as her gaze fell on the young man who was supporting her in his arms.

He helped her to her feet.

"You fainted," he explained, "and we brought you out."

She smiled, wondering what they would say if she told them she had not fainted, that she had merely rested in the arms of her long-lost love and said good-bye once more.

"It is good of you," she murmured. "I felt queer, I remember. This is the first time I have ever done such a foolish thing. Thank you very much for your kindness. And now I will go home."

But in spite of her protestations they insisted on accompanying her up the long village street. And as she walked between them, a tiny, dainty figure, with her sweet, wildrose face, and silver hair, her heart regained its calm and she met the girl's blue eyes with a thrill of pleasure. Yes, the girl was beautiful and good. She deserved all the happiness the world could give, all it had withheld from her.

At the little white cottage, covered with roses and ivy, where Miss Barbara lived with one faithful maid, the trio parted the best of friends.

"I will come and see you to-morrow," said the girl, laying her fresh lips on Barbara's soft cheek, "if I may."

"Yes, do. Come to tea, both of you," added Miss Barbara, shyly, as she glanced back into the youth's dark face.

Then, for a moment, she stood watching them as they turned away, and the girl's voice floated back to her on the breeze thrilling her with its music.

"Isn't she a pretty darling, Eric? Now if father's Miss Babs were like her how delighted I should be!"

* * * * * *

The next afternoon, when Miss Barbara sat in her little parlor, looking more than ever like a Dresden China figure, with her soft, gray silk gown and snowy fichu, and softly piled silver hair, the girl came alone.

"Eric has gone fishing," she explained. And as she sipped the scented tea out of the precious egg-shell china and nibbled the home-made dainties, she chatted merrily to the little lady.

"We've taken the house on the hill—the one that looks down upon this—so we shall see a lot of you, I hope. We've been married three months and have never settled down anywhere yet, but we like this quaint little place, and the people and the country. After Oregon its such a change!"

Miss Barbara's heart jumped at the name of Oregon, then she blused.

"Do you know Oregon well, then, Mrs. ——"

She paused.

"Dale—Margaret Dale," said the girl, smiling.

"Yes, I've lived in Oregon all my life until the last year. Father—you'll see him soon, for he comes to-morrow—left Ohio as a young man. He says he left his heart behind, but, for all that, he married, and I'm his only child."

The heavenly blue eyes thrilled Miss Barbara again. Her lips trembled slightly.

"It is rather amusing to hear of father's love affair," continued the young bride with a chuckle "He's searching for his first love now. Of course he's quite serious, but I can assure you we are not. Think of it, Miss Lynn; he wants to find the girl he loved twenty-five years ago. He does not realize that she is now probably a fearful old frump, with a long, thin face, flat feet, no waist and a wig."

"My dear, my dear," quavered Miss Barbara a sharp pain at her heart, for twenty-five years back she also had loved her blue-eyed youth, and, although she had grown old, she did not think she was a frump.

She looked furtively across at her reflection in the mirror. She was old, yes, seen by the girl, but frumpish, never! How hard and unsympathetic was happy youth!

"You may laugh," continued Margaret, "for you are so pretty, so sweet yourself! But think of my dear father remaining faithful to such a scarecrow! Can we allow him to find her?"

"If your father married he did not always remain faithful," said Miss Barbara, demurely, her heart swelling with fellow-feeling for the lonely frump.

"And are you sure that she is so objectionable?"

Margaret laughed.

"No, but we suppose it. A soured, disappointment old maid. Oh, don't you know the type?"

"I am an old maid, also," said Miss Barbara, stiffly.

"You, my dear, are one of God's prettiest creatures. Now, if you were Miss Babs, well and good, but you aren't worse luck."

Miss Barbara started. Then, in a low voice, she asked:

"Is that her name?"

"Barbara is her Christian name. I don't know her surname. Dad would never tell it to me. Miss Babs he calls her, but we say, 'Babs the Impossible, I am sure.'"

Miss Barbara smoothed out the folds of her dress with trembling fingers and averted eyes.

"Does he love her very much?" she quavered

"He's mad to find her. Yes, he loved her and she loved him, but her father wouldn't allow them to be married, and she hadn't the strength to go against his will. In those days girls feared their fathers, strange to tell! So father said good-by, and went away, intending to return later and ask for her again, but he heard that she was married, and—why, how pale you are! Do you feel ill?" She exclaimed, springing forward, solicitude upon her face.

"No, no!" whispered Miss Barbara. "Go on. This story interests me. I have heard of one so like it."

"Well, as a man mustn't remain faithful to another man's wife, father married also. My mother died two years ago, and father retired then.

Soon after we came to Ohio, and he heard that his first love had never married. It was her wicked old father who had spread the lie. So now father is looking for her."

A long silence succeeded her words. Miss Barbara sat stiff and straight in her chair, one bright spot on either cheek. She dared not move, for the room seemed swimming around, and hundreds of eyes, the blue of heaven, looked at her from every corner.

Through a fog came Margaret's laughing voice:

"And of course she'll be a frump—a sour old thing! Ah, if she could only be like you!"

Twilight descended upon the house, while of newly mown hay came in through the open window, one ray of the setting sun threw a shaft of light across the room. It fell on Mrs. Dale's upturned face, and, for a moment, Miss Barbara held her breath. For in the girl's place she saw her lover, as he looked long years ago.

"Yes, I have heard a story like that before," she said, in tremulous tones; "perhaps I know Miss Babs. And, if it is the same, she loves him now, as then. She may be a frump, my dear, and sour—for life is hard to the lonely—but if she can give him the love he craves, if he can give her the joy a father robbed her of, would you still wish them apart?"

Margaret dropped her burning face.

"No, perhaps not. If it were love, such love as that I know. But can it be? She is old and rusty, perhaps."

"His love will rub hers bright. Once she was young, like you. Could your love die? What is your father's name?"

"Carrol Lyle. Colonel Carrol Lyle."

The drumming at Miss Barbara's heart quickened, and the hot blood hissed and boiled within her brain. She seemed to hear the clash of thunder and stood once more in the tree-shadowed lane, his arms around her, his lips on hers.

* * * * * *

The next day, after her lunch, Miss Barbara climbed into her attic. Here, as elsewhere in the cottage, not a speck of dust was to be seen, not a sign of disorder

Miss Barbara opened an old oak trunk, and bent over its contents with a smile. Gently she raised soft folds of white drapery, and shook out a dainty muslin gown. Pure and simple, it seemed ready for immediate use.

Then, 'ere she turned aside, she drew out a packet of weather-worn letters. From them there fell the miniature of a young man—the man she had thought faithless to her long years ago. Glad tears sprang to her eyes as she gazed into his, then she raised it to her lips and kissed it tenderly.

When Marion, the maid who had grown old with her mistress, carried the tea into the little parlor, she stopped short on the threshold with a cry.

"Miss Babs, you have gone back thirty years!" she gasped, setting down the tray and staring at Miss Barbara open-mouthed, for in the middle of the room stood her mistress clad in a white girlish gown, a blue ribbon in her silver hair, a bunch of roses in her belt.

"Miss Babs" repeated the old servant, tears streaming down her cheeks, "but for your white hair I'd say you're eighteen again. I'd—"

"And so I am, Marion, for he, Carrol, is coming back to me," whispered Miss Barbara.

Marion threw up her hands and fled to her kitchen.

"Lord help her!" she sobbed, "She's daft! Thinks herself young again and talks of him, her faithless lover. May the Lord help poor women who eat their hearts away, and drown all men in the tears they make them shed!" she added vindictively, rocking herself to and fro in her great despair.

Meanwhile in the parlor, Miss Barbara drank her tea with longing glances at the steep, white road leading past the windows to the house up on the hill.

And Margaret's parting words rang in her straining ears:

"You must dine with us to-morrow. I'll send father for you and you'll be able to tell him about Miss Babs."

As she repeated the sentence to herself for about the thirtieth time, a quick step sounded on the path outside, and she rose palpitating.

The next instant a tall, weather-beaten man stood on the threshold, a man, with short, crisp, silvery curls, and eyes like the blue of heaven.

And as these same eyes fell on the little trembling figure before him, a great joy sprang into them, and with a loud cry of "Babs! My little Babs at last!" he took the no longer lonely Miss Barbara to his heart.

A Left-handed Man.

"I never realized how unpopular a left-handed man can be until I joined a fishing club," said the man who cannot do much with his right hand. "Socially, I was all right, but when we began to fish the rest of the fellows couldn't get far enough away from me.

"There was another left-handed man in the party, and we were shunted upstream, away beyond the best fishing holes. I am a good fisherman. When alone I can manage rod and line as skillfully as the next man, but when I go fishing with a lot of right-handed fishermen our lines tangle and we get into a regular mess.

"I have tried to learn to manage my pole with my right hand, but I haven't made much headway at it. Also I have noticed that right-handed persons who tried to become ambi-dextrous could learn to do every thing with their left hand better than to fish."—New York Times.

To Avoid as Well as Cure.

The crusade against consumption is not undertaken chiefly to save consumptives—that must come later, but to prevent youth, infancy, ignorance, poverty and to prevent you and yours and me and mine from catching it. The burnt child dreads the fire, but if most children did not get slightly burnt, and so learn the indespensable teachments of the law of natural consequence, then they would be burning up themselves and everything around them all the time. The day draweth nigh when no man can say as so many now can, "Ignorance of this disease destroyed me, ate me, consumed me, burnt me up alive." "Certainly, physicians, for all their knowledge, catch consumption and other diseases and die of them," some will say, "so what's the use?" But, considering how much they are exposed, they fare far better than doctors formerly did.

Merely a Prevaricator.

A doctor relates the following story: "I had a patient who was very ill and who ought to have gone to a warmer climate, so I resolved to try what hypnotism would do for him. I had a large sun painted on the ceiling of his room and by suggestion induced him to think it was the sun which would cure him. The ruse succeeded and he was getting better rapidly when one day on my arrival I found he was dead."

"Did it fail, after all, then?" asked one of the doctor's hearers.

"No," replied the doctor, "he died of sun-stroke."

Qualified.

A prominent western attorney tells of a boy who once applied at his office for work.

"This boy was bright looking and I rather took to him.

"Now, my son,' I said, 'if you come to work for me you will occasionally have to write telegrams and take down telephone messages. Hence a pretty high degree of schooling is essential. Are you fairly well educated?'

"The boy smiled confidently.

"'I be,' he said."—Independent.

He Knew the Kind.

Little Edward, aged four, was an only child. He was anxious for a baby sister, and was talking of it one day with a friend of the family. In the friend's family was a baby girl of one year. The lady said: "Edward, you may have my baby; she is pretty and sweet."

"Oh," said Edward, "I don't want an old baby. I want a bran new one wif noffin on but tacum powder."—Red Hen.

Hedging.

Clergyman—Will you take this woman until death?

Prospective Bridegroom—Isn't there any minimum sentence?

At Rehearsal.

Fan—What happens when the bases are full?

Man—A discord.—Stanford University Chaparral.

What Worried Him.—A peculiar instance of connubial affection occurred some time ago in Vermont. An aged couple, who through half a century of married life had wrangled with each other, were separated. The husband was taken ill and was believed to be near his end. The old wife came to his bedroom and after carefully examining and taking stock of his condition exclaimed. "W'y, daddy, your feet are cold, your hands are cold and your nose is cold."

"Wa'al, let 'em be cold."

"W'y, daddy, you're gettin' to die."

"Wa'al, I guess I know what I'm 'bout."

"Daddy, w'wats to becum of me if you die?"

"I dunno, and I don't care. W'at I want to know is, wat's to becum of me?"—Boston Globe.

"I tell you I am worrying a lot over this bakers' strike." "I don't see what call you have to worry. I heard your wife telling mine that she was going to make all the bread herself." "Yes; that's what's worrying me."—Baltimore American.

Squilibob—That fellow over there would make a splendid magazine poet.

Squilligan—A genius, eh?

Squilibob—No, but he has dyspepsia so bad that he wouldn't get so hungry living.

Teacher—Didn't Jimmy Green help you do this sum? Willie—No'm. Teacher—Are you sure he didn't? Willie—He didn't help me; he did it all.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
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Hints.

Mothers should caution their children attending school not to put pencils in their mouths, especially since diphtheria has been communicated in that way in some of our large towns.

Some people do not know how much can be saved by using suet and less lard. While lard is 18 cents a pound suet can be bought of the butcher for five cents a pound. Cut up in small pieces, put in kettle or spider, fry out and strain. It may be used for frying doughnuts and shortening for many kinds of cooking. It is better to melt it and use hot for shortening.

Much valuable time is saved if all dirty saucepans are filled with cold water until you are able to wash them.

Jelly bags are necessary for clearing jellies and soup. A clean glass cloth tied over the legs of a chair turned upside down and a basin placed beneath answers admirably.

When buying apples be guided by their weight; the heaviest are the best.

Keep the inside of your oven scrupulously clean. Have the shelves, sides and door scraped down and washed with hot soda and water at least once a week.

When buying root vegetables, such as carrots and potatoes, see that they are crisp.

When the color of a fabric has been destroyed by acid, ammonia is applied to neutralize the same, after which an application of chloroform will in almost all cases restore the original color.

Misnamed.

During a geography lesson in a Baltimore school one day the teacher spoke at great length touching that wonderful stream the Mississippi. Incidentally she afforded the pupils some interesting account of the historic events associated with the great river. "Finally," said she, "we must not overlook the poetic value of the name Mississippi. It means 'Father of Waters.' Don't forget that boys and girls."

One lad, however, was not much impressed by this latter contribution to his store of knowledge. "I beg pardon, ma'am," said he, "but if the name of the river means 'Father of Waters,' why don't they call it 'Mister Sippi?'"

The Dentist's Joke.

At a recent dinner of the Authors club in London to Mr. Owen Seaman, the editor of Punch, Mr. Walter Emanuel, another member of the staff of Punch, referred to the fact that the man with the largest sense of humor he had struck was an Englishman—a dentist. He went to him after suffering long with a toothache. He refused to have gas, and the dentist pulled out a tooth, leaving him writhing in pain, and took the tooth to the window, where he laughed quite heartily. He groaned: "What's the joke?" "Wrong tooth," said the dentist.

Judges' Wigs.

The wig is only worn by English barristers to give them a stern, judicial appearance, and no one can say that it fails in this respect. The custom was originated by a French judge in the seventeenth century when, happening to don a marquis' wig one day, he found it gave him such a stern and dignified appearance that he decided to get one for himself and wear it at all times in court. This he did, and the result was so satisfactory from a legal point of view, that not only judges but barristers, also took up the custom throughout Europe.

Plucked Triumph Out of Trouble.

An Indianapolis retail merchant recently took advantage of an accident which happned to his store.

A runaway trolley car had crashed into his show window wrecking it. While the crowd of people who had been attracted by the collision were still gathered about the front of the store the enterprising retailer came struggling through the wreckage and placed a large card bearing the words, "All Cars Stop at Blank's" in a prominent place. The effect was forthcoming.—System.

Farsighted.

"Why, Henry," said his mother, passing her hand over his head," your hair is sopping wet. You've been in swimming after I told you not to go."

"No, ma, I haven't," protested the boy, earnestly, "but I fell in the water."

"You fell in? But how is it your clothes are not wet, then?"

"Well, may, it was this way: I was standing on the bridge looking at the boys swimming, and I just felt I was going to fall in, so I thought it better to take off my clothes beforehand."

Mathematical Request.

Little Mary, seven years old, was saying her prayers. "And, God," she petitioned at the close, "make seven times six forty-eight."

"Why, Mary, why did you say that?" asked her mother.

"'Cause that's the way I wrote it in 'zamination in school today, and I want it to be right."—Lippincott's

A Simple Matter.

"Charley, dear," said Young Mrs. Torkins, "the paper says that the Prohibitionists have trouble with bootleggers."

"I believe so."

"Men are so stupid! Why don't they put a stop to it by compelling everybody to wear low shoes?"

A Timely Tip.

Little Brother (who has just been given some candy): "If I were you, I shouldn't take sister yachting this afternoon."

Ardent Suitor: "Why do you say that, Tommy?"

"Well, I heard her tell mother this morning that she feared she'd have to throw you over."—Lippincott's.

"I'd like to get a tablet," said the customer, addressing the drug clerk.

"Dyspepsia or writing?" inquired the clerk.—Ames Times.

Jinks—I saw something at a bargain counter to-day. Binks—What was it? Jinks—A man waiting for his wife.—Record-Herald.

It's easy enough to make up your mind what you would do if you were some other fellow.

The man who pins his faith to a woman should use a safety pin unless he expects to get scratched.

Literary Firsts and Seconds.

The youthful newspaper reporter who has visions of being a famous author is still wondering over the epigram made by a successful confrere when the latter noted his disappointment over the return of a manuscript.

"I thought sure," said the reporter, with a sigh, "that that confounded story would sell. It's good stuff if I did write it, and I am certainly surprised that it came back."

The successful writer grinned and then placed his hand on the other man's shoulder.

"My dear boy," he said, somewhat grimly, "there are only two stages in the life of a writer. One is when he is surprised at getting his stories back and the second when he is surprised at not getting them back. You're in the first; I'm in the second. And there you are."

But the reporter is still wondering.—Philadelphia Times.

Escorted Her Anyway.

While Robert Browning and his son Barrett were living alone in Florence the son gave one afternoon an exhibition of his new paintings in the family drawing room. To Mr. Browning was assigned the task of meeting the guests. Late in the afternoon, when the room was well filled, there appeared at the drawing room door a woman whose face was familiar. Yet Mr. Browning could not recall her name, and he judged from her appearance that she was not an invited guest.

There was embarrassment on both sides for a moment, and then the woman said eagerly: "Oh, please, Mr. Browning, I'm the cook. Mr. Barrett said as I was to come and see his pretty pictur's."

Whereupon Mr. Browning, offering his arm, showed her about the room with all the attention that he could have bestowed upon a reigning queen.

The Rat and the Bulbs.

According to the French naturalist De Parville, a gardener planted one afternoon 250 tulip bulbs on a terrace, and next morning he noticed that the ground had been disturbed and that the bulbs had all been taken away. He was confident that rats had done the work, and, taking a spade, he began to dig in the hope of discovering their nest. Soon he unearthed a large female rat, which he killed, and after digging a few more minutes he discovered an underground chamber lined with hay and leaves and connected by a corridor with two holes, which were evidently used as storehouses, for in them he found the 250 tulip bulbs. This was remarkable, but more remarkable was the fact that they were neatly arranged in two rows and that not one of them had been gnawed or otherwise injured.

The Rhodum Sidus.

An amusing story told by Hood describes how a country nurseryman made a large sum out of sales of a simple little flower which he sold under the name of the Rhodum sidus. This charming name proved quite an attraction to the ladies, and the flower became the rage of the season. It was one of those freaks of fashion for which there is no accounting. At length a botanist who found that the plant was not an uncommon weed requested to know where the nurseryman got the name from. He elicited the following reply: "I found this flower in the road beside us, so christened it the Rhodum sidus."

The Straws That Showed.

Mother—Do you think that young man has matrimonial intentions, my dear?

Daughter—I certainly do, mamma. He tried to convince me last night that I looked prettier in that two-guinea hat than in the three-guinea one.—Scraps.

More to the Point.—Rounder—Funny what ideas come into a fellow's head. This morning while dressing I was wondering how in the future life I could get my shirt on over my wings.

Bounder—Don't let that worry you. What you want to think about is how to get your hat on over your horns.

Simkins—"Oh, sir! Was that a banana peel you slipped on?"

Crabb—"Did ye think it was a piece of sandpaper?"—N. Y. Telegram.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhœa, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup." Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30th, 1906. Serial number 1655.

In many German factories the female employes are forbidden to wear corsets during working hours.

We recommend Carter's Iron Pills to every woman who is weak, nervous and discouraged; particularly those who have thin, pale lips, cold hands and feet, and who are without strength or ambition. These are the cases for which Carter's Iron Pills are especially prepared, and this class cannot use them without benefit. Valuable for men also. In metal boxes, at 50 cents. Sold by druggists or sent by mail. See advertisement elsewhere.

Boys grow most rapidly in their seventeenth year; girls in their fifteenth.

Their gentle action and good effect on the system really make them a perfect little Pill. They please those who use them. Carter's Little Liver Pills may well be termed "Perfection."

From 1890 to 1908 the heart death rate of the United States increased 57 percent.

Derangement of the liver, with constipation injures the complexion, induces pimples, sallow skin. Remove the cause by using Carter's Little Liver Pills. One a dose. Try them.

China is planning to spend seven years in reorganizing its navy.

Dyspepsia in its worst forms will yield to the use of Carter's Little Nerve Pills, aided by Carter's Little Liver Pills. They not only relieve present distress but strengthen the stomach and digestion apparatus.

Children Cry
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New Boston Idea.

Boston, always a pioneer along educational lines, has opened a continuation school, modelled on those in Germany.

The school is to have a class in the shoe and leather business on Tuesdays and Thursdays, wholesale dry goods on Mondays and Fridays, and another class for retail salesmen and women is being planned. The term is to be ten weeks.

The schools call for the the co-operation of business men and tradespeople who permit their employees to attend the school for two hours a day, either from 7 to 9 in the morning or from 2 to 4 in the afternoon.

In Germany ten hours a week is required and the term runs from September 15 to July 15. Master mechanics give the actual workshop instruction in drawing plans and working from models. A variety of trades is taught.—Twentieth Century Magazine.

Somewhat Cautious.

Two Scotch fishermen, James and Sandy, belated and belogged on a rough water, were in some trepidation, lest they should never get ashore. At last James said:

"Sandy, I'm seeering, and I think you'd better put up a bit of prayer."

"I don't know how," said Sandy.

"If ye don't I'll chuck ye overboard," said Jamie.

Sandy began: "O Lord, I never asked anything of Ye for fifteen years, and if Ye'll only get us safe back I'll never trouble Ye again, and"—

"Whist, Sandy!" said Jamie. "The boat's touched shore; don't be beholden to anybody."—Short Stories.

Getting Acquainted.

"One of my acquaintances is much interested in the Chagrin Falls Hunt club, and is an onlooker at most of the functions of that organization," says Ward Jackson. "The other night he said to me, with some show of enthusiasm, that gradually he was getting acquainted with the club members.

"'Why, Dan Hanna came right up and spoke to me today,' he said exultantly.

"'Is that so?' I replied. 'What did he say to you?'

"'He said: "Don't get too near that horse there or he'll kick your darn head off!"'"—Cleveland Traveler.

A Pessimistic Objection.

The Pessimist—Several times during the hot weather I have thought of drowning myself.

The Fatalist—Why not inhale gas? It is much less painful.

The Pessimist—How can you expect me to inhale gas when the gas situation is so unsettled? Let them agree upon a fixed price and then I will consider the matter.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Weighed In.

Picking up a sharp knife from the meat stand, the customer extends it to the butcher, with the remark:

"I haven't any use for it, but you cut it off, and I'll take it along, anyhow."

"Cut what off?" gasps the astonished butcher.

"Your hand. You weighed it with the roast, you know, and I want all I pay for.—Life.

Yes Indeed.

Hostess (at party)—Why, so silent, Miss De Muth? You've scarcely said a word since you came.

Youthful Guest—Really, Mrs. Leader, I am having a very enjoyable time, but my father has told me 100 times never to say anything unless I have something to say, and I suppose—

Hostess—But, my dear child, think what a stupid and tiresome thing society would be if everybody followed that advice!

A Real Argument.

They were talking about arguments, not in the abstract, but as applying to domestic happiness. "What do you think is the most unanswerable argument you ever heard?" one bachelor asked a married man.

"That's very easy," he replied. "When your wife says: "If they can afford it we can,' there is no flaw in that—and never will be."—Youth's Companion.

Thrilling.

"Did you ever witness a great struggle with the waves?" asked the man who was always asking queer questions.

"Yes," laughed the pompous man in the green shirt. "I once sat for two long hours while a professional hairdresser struggled with my wife's marcel waves."

The Placable Son of Nun.

Joshua chuckled.

"I never let the sun go down on my anger," he cried.

Herewith he held it up till he finished the walloping.

Gave Them Away.

Once upon another time a fair maid and a man—just to help along the rhyme—each acquired a coat of tan. Yet only her left cheek and his right were tanned, during their vacation week—but of course, you'll understand.

Not His Fault.

"Oratory is a gift, not an acquirement," said the proud politician, as he sat down after an hour's harangue.

"I understand," said the matter-of-fact chairman. "We're not blamin' you. You done the best you could."

Helping Her Out.

"Have you a young chicken? I am rather green at cooking."

"Such being the case, madam, don't you think you'd better have an old, experienced fowl?"—Courier Journal.

On Her Dignity—"I should like a drink of water," said the young man politely.

"You'll have to wait until mother comes downstairs," said the young lady haughtily. "I want you to understand that I never go into the kitchen."

Reality is a puncture in the tire of Hope.

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief as is consistent with clearness. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

Direct all communications to

MISS E. M. TILLEY,
Newport Historical Rooms,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1910.

NOTES.

A MIDDLE-FASHION TOWN MEETING, IN 1838.

BY R. ALLYN, LL.D.

The following is an interesting account of an early town meeting, and will give the younger generation a good idea of the methods of town Government of their grand-fathers.

I would call "middle fashion" in contrast both to "old" and "new" fashion, for the time of the happening of the event was along back, in the mediæval times between the two wars, of 1812 and 1861. It was in a Town of the emphatic steady habits land, and at a time when the Temperance movement was just beginning, but when Drs. Hewett, and Beecher, and Charles Jewett had pretty thoroughly stirred the rural parts of New England against the evils of dram drinking.

Never mind the exact place nor any thing except the exact year, but let us note definitely some of the occurrences.

I was then twenty-one just past, and a bigger local politician than I have ever been since, and that is not saying very much for size of the personage, any more than the legendary jest about the young humble bee, who begin life on the swell tide. It had been the custom and law that the oldest son of a "freeholder" could vote on the right of primogeniture, I believe it was termed. I think the law had been changed but the custom in that old town had not at that date found it out so as to practice upon the fact. Every "freeman" in order to vote must own, in his own right, a "freehold" to the annual rental value of not less that two pounds New England Currency. This real value therefore was estimated at $133⅓. But that oldest son could, till just about that time, "be qualified" and vote on his father's "freehold." So I became a "freeman" without a money value.

The April Town Meeting was called in that section "Freeman's Day," because at that time all the young men who had attained their majority during the year last past were expected to be at the meeting, "to take the Freeman's Oath," and then and there be made lawful voters for the good of the Commonwealth. This oath and the ceremony of being made a freeman was the great occasion of the year in one sense. Thanksgiving was grand. Fast Day was good and pious. The Fourth of July was boastful and joyous, glorious. But Freeman's day made us, twenty-and-one-ers, men with the power to vote and to be chosen constable or, better still, to be chosen to not on the school committee. We looked forward to it as a time of civil emancipation, of legal enlargement, which should make us equal in all the rights of generous citizenship to the Esquire himself or the Selectmen. Let me be more particular and state matters as my memory at this remote time holds the events of a day in April 1838, in the old town of ——, call it Hilltop.

The Town Meeting was held in the old "meeting house" belonging to the First Congregational Church. What a bleak, cold, wind swept hill it was on which stood that unpainted, internally unfinished, two story 'meeting house!' I shiver now to think how a little boy had often tried to warm his aching fingers and cold toes over the "foot stove," which his mother had filled with coals from the kitchen fire, and had brought with her and put under her feet, beneath her petticoat in that old church on the winter Sabbath day! If that boy could get hold of her hand and creep under her warm woolen shawl and get his one foot to touch the side of that tin stove he was content for the time.

But the hour to open the meeting came as announced on the "Notice," (written in the old Town Clerk's round hand and "posted in four public places,") at "nine of the clock," on the second Monday of April.

The citizens had gathered, riding on horseback, most of them, and had been standing outside the door, shaking hands, inquiring about families, commenting on the weather and the lateness and wetness of the season, and telling the news and happenings of the various neighborhoods, (they call them "settlements" in the West). All at once Esquire Norman and Col. Wood and Captain Brewster were seen in a little knot and Col. Wood said in a deep voice of much precision (he had been the schoolmaster in the "Valley District" for many years), "I guess we had best have John Lamb for Moderator."

"Yes, Yes," said Capt. Brewster, "and Russell Springer for Clerk."

"That is right," was echoed by some others, and as by a common impulse in which nobody seemed to lead, all crowded into the meeting house. Samuel Oldtown, as first Selectman of the year, stood up on the narrow platform under the high pulpit, rapped with knuckles on a hard bare table that stood by and said,

"Gentlemen, who will you have for Moderator?"

Instantly a voice cried:

"I nominate Col. Wood," and almost as quickly another voice spoke in a louder tone:

"I nominate Esquire Hyde." "Second the motion" came from at least a dozen throats on the Col. Wood's name, and possibly fifteen rather more emphatic came out on Esquire Hyde's nomination, John Lamb not being mentioned. "How will you take the vote, Gentlemen," said the Selectman, "by show of hands, by tellers and tally, or by a division of the house?"

There was a little hesitation for it was understood, by the little raspiness in the voices of the seconds, that there was a decided difference of opinion. Some cried: "Show hands," others. "Tellers," and still others: "Divide" and these cries were repeated louder and louder, as they were reiterated. The Selectman who was a tall, brown, stern, man, a blacksmith, rapped again with his fist which, by the way, was more like a maul than a chairman's gavel, and waited to secure silence. This was quickly obtained and he said:

"It seems to me that the majority are in favor of dividing. Let us try it in that way first, and the most of the voters will settle the matter."

He paused a moment longer, and then said: "We will divide the house on the mode of choosing a Moderator. As many as are in favor of choosing a Moderator by division of the house will take your places on my right and outside of the center aisle, and as many as prefer some other mode of choice will take your places on my left and also outside of the aisle."

As soon as he had spoken the citizens began to part, joking each other not a little as they went about "counting noses," "separating sheep and goats," "going to your own place," which seemed so near to an allusion to Judas Iscariot that it caused some fermente, and a little loud laughter.

But in a few seconds there was a broad space between the divisions, and the Selectman began to move his finger over the right in counting. It was scarcely a moment, when avoice on the left said: "No need to count. We give it up. Give us the division now on the nominations." The Selectman stopped counting and said:

"The majority seems to be for a choice of Moderator by a division of the house. Are you satisfied?" "Yes."

No other response was made and he proceeded: "It is agreed to divide on the nominations. As many are in favor of choosing Col. Wood Moderator will go to my right, and those in favor of Esquire Hyde will go to the left." At once there was quite a rush to change sides and it became evident that the friends of Esquire Hyde did not want the division. But in a short time all had found their places under the same fire of jokes, and other cries, as "there is the right side," "go with us and you'll get good," &c., &c.

ANIMALS THAT WEEP.

Dugong Tears Preserved by the Malays as a Love Charm.

While the act of laughing may be peculiar to man, the same is not true of weeping, which, if we are to accept the testimony of a French naturalist, is a manifestation of emotion that is met with in divers animals.

It is said that the creatures that weep most easily are the ruminants, with whom the act is so well known that it has given rise to trivial but accurate expression, "to weep like a calf." All hunters know that the stag weeps, and we are also told that the bear sheds tears when it comes to a consciousness of its last hour. The giraffe is not less sensitive and regards with tearful eyes the hunter who has wounded it. This animal also weeps through downright nostalgia. Dogs also are held to be lachrymose; and the same holds in the case of certain monkeys. Sparrman states the elephant sheds tears when wounded or when it perceives that it cannot escape.

Aquatic animals, too, it appears, are able to weep. Thus, many authorities agree, dolphins at the moment of death draw deep sighs and shed tears abundantly. A young female seal was observed to weep when teased by a sailor. St. Hilaire and Cuvier recount, on the authority of the Malays, that when a young dugong is captured the mother is sure to be taken also. The little ones then cry out and shed tears. These tears are collected with great care by the Malays and are preserved as a charm that is certain to render a lover's affection lasting.—New York Press.

A PROPHETIC JEWEL.

Peculiar Ring That Was Owned by Marquise du Barry.

Marquise du Barry, whose lovely head fell into the basket beneath the guillotine in expiation of her levity, extravagance and folly, had in her possession a stone of which the Paris jewelers were unable to tell the precise nature.

There appeared upon it below the surface and as if under water an outline of a picture containing human figures. Strange to relate, when first the gem was given to its afterward unfortunate possessor this outline was not clear, but after it had been some months in her possession it grew more rivid.

One day the negro servant boy, Lamor, who was afterward instrumental from revenge in the downfall of the Du Barry, declared, looking at the jewel, that he could decipher the figure of a woman with dishevelled hair leaning before a scaffold and surrounded by a crowd, while beside her stood the executioner.

A strange but authenticated circumstance is that the negro servant boy precisely described the guillotine. Dr. Guillotine had not then invented his celebrated instrument of death, nor had the horrors of the revolution begun.

Snatching the jewel from the hand of the servant, Mme. du Barry examined it, saw the kneeling woman, the angry crowd, the death knife falling and, with a cry of agony, fell senseless to the floor.

Fly Traps of Spiders' Nests.

Spiders' nests are used in Mexico as fly traps. During the rainy season the villages are invaded by numbers of flies and other insects. To rid a house of these pests the natives hang the branch of a tree bearing a spider's nest to a nail in the ceiling. The surface of the nest enlarges concentrically after each capture of an insect, and it exercises an irresistible attraction on flies. When a spider's nest is opened it is found to be filled with insects. Experiments made with paper nests so manufactured as to be exact copies of the real nests show that flies will not enter them. Though very small and apparently insignificant, the inhabitant of the mosquero attacks insects far more important in size than the largest housefly. The wasp is one of its favorite victims, and the wasp always gets the worst of the struggle. —Harper's Weekly.

Tattered Terry—There goes a kind man. The last time I went to him I didn't have a cent and he gave me all he had.

Weary Willie—What was that?

Tattered Terry—Thirty days.—Puck.

Telephone Table And Seat

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Thanks to the inventive genius of some clever mind it is no longer necessary for the telephone stand and seat to encroach UNNECESSARILY upon much needed floor space—the illustration conveys the idea at a glance. The great convenience of this Telephone Table and Seat cannot be all appreciated until one has put it to actual use. It comes in

Golden Oak, Mahogany, or Bird's Eye Maple

And really adds to the decorative feature of the hall or room wherein it is installed. There is a commodious shelf for books or papers beneath the 16 by 14 inch top, Whichever wood you select you are certain of superior finish and staunch workmanship. In Golden Oak $7.65. In Mahogany or Bird's Eye Maple $8 10.

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The Purist Lost a Sale.

"I've just happened to remember that my wife told me to get a tin pan that will go under the icebox. Have you any?"

"No, sir, but we have some that can be shoved under the icebox. Won't that do just as well?"

"I think not, young man. My wife is a bit particular about my getting the exact thing that she tells me to get. I presume I can find it at some other store. Good day, sir."—Chicago Tribune.

Horse Sense.

During a heavy downpour of rain an Irish farmer sent his boy to a distant field to bring home a horse. Some time elapsed, and the messenger returned without the horse.

Father—Didn't Ol send ye for the horse, ye gamoch? Is your head in your brogues?

Little Boy (drenched to the skin)—Sure, he was standin' in shelter as dry as ye loike. Bedad, he knows more than the two of us.

The Remedy.

The Mistress—Bridget, I must object to your having a new beau every night. The Cook—Thin buy beither food! One'll niver come again wance he's tackled what I have t' serve him! —Cleveland Leader.

In the Sunken Submarine.

"It's too annoying that we should be stuck down here. I bought myself the most splendid tomb only last week."—Lustige Blatter.

All philosophy lies in two words, sustain and abstain.—Epicletus.

Reiterated.

Edmund Kean was playing in "Richard III.," and the part of Catesby had to be taken by a low comedian, who sauntered on to the stage at the wrong moment and uttered the famous words, "My lord, the Duke of Buckingham is taken," in the wrong place.

Edmund clinched his fists in rage, but otherwise took no notice of the remark.

Later the comedian repeated the words in the right place, and when the king expressed surprise at the news Catesby folded his arms, walked boldly down the stage and remarked to the great actor in loud tones:

"I told you so before, Mr. Kean, but you wouldn't believe me."

Nonroyal Headgear.

One of the attaches of the American embassy at London tells a story wherein Michael Joseph Barry, the poet, who was appointed a police magistrate in Dublin, was the principal figure. There was brought before him an Irish American charged with suspicious conduct. The officer making the arrest stated, among other things, that the culprit was wearing a "Republican hat."

"Does your honor know what that means?" was the inquiry put to the court by the accused's lawyer.

"It may be," suggested Barry, "that it means a hat without a crown."—Harper's Magazine.

In South America.

Foreign Correspondent—And who are those two men under the tree? General Paprika—Oh, that's the second battalion of the royal guards.—Chicago News.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE

BY VIRTUE of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed, executed by Frederick A. Clarke, 2d, of the City and County of Newport and State of Rhode Island, to the Savings Bank of Newport, a corporation created by law and located in the City and County of Newport and State of Rhode Island, bearing date March 18th, A. D. 1905, and recorded in Mortgages Land Evidence of said Newport, Vol. 43, at page 2, and also recorded in Land Evidence of Middletown, R. I., Book 19, page 408, &c., which said mortgage has since been duly assigned to Max Levy, there having been breach in the performance of the conditions contained in said mortgage deed:

There will be sold at public auction, on the premises hereinafter described, on SATURDAY, September 17th, A. D. 1910, at 12 o'clock noon, all that certain lot or parcel of land, with the buildings and improvements thereon, situate partly in said City of Newport, and partly in the Town of Middletown, and bounded Northerly, on land of John Anderson, fifty (50) feet; Easterly, on a Court or Way leading Northerly from Vernon avenue, one hundred (100) feet; Southerly, on Vernon avenue, fifty (50) feet, and Westerly, on land of said John Anderson, one hundred (100) feet, being the same lot conveyed to Frederick A. Clarke by Joshua B. Bachelier and wife by deed dated May 15th, 1891.

The undersigned hereby gives notice of his intention to bid at said sale.

MAX LEVY,
Assignee of the Mortgagee.

8-20-3w

Court of Probate, Middletown, R. I., August 18, A. D. 1910.

Estate of David Coggeshall.

ALBERT L. CHASE, the Administrator on the estate of David Coggeshall, late of said Middletown, deceased, presents to this Court his third account therewith, and thereon prays that said account may be examined, allowed and recorded.

It is ordered that the consideration of said account be referred to the Court of Probate, to be held at the Town Hall in said Middletown, on Monday, the nineteenth day of September next, A. D. 1910, at one o'clock p. m., and that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week at least, in the *Newport Mercury*.

ALBERT L. CHASE,
Probate Clerk.

8-20-3w

"Meet Me at Barney's."

NO MATTER WHAT PRICE you intend paying for a

PIANO,

you will get more value here than elsewhere.

We are as particular about our guarantee as we are about the PIANO itself.

BARNEY'S
Music Store,
140 Thames Street.

Newport Casino.

The U. S. NATIONAL LAWN TENNIS TOURNAMENT

WILL BEGIN

Monday, August 15.

Play will be called each day at 10.30 A. M. The principal matches will be played every day on the Championship court in front of the Grand Stand.

Season tickets for TENNIS and the HORSESHOW grand Stands are on sale at the Casino Office.

NOTICE To Taxpayers!

OFFICE OF COLLECTOR OF TAXES,
City Hall, Newport, R. I.

The tax bills for 1910 are now in my hands for collection and must be paid on or before August 31, 1910.

The time allowed by the Representative Council for the payment of this tax expires on the thirty-first day of August, 1910, and according to said ordinance (as authorized by the laws of the State), all taxes not paid on or before that date shall carry, until collected, a penalty at the rate of 12 per centum per annum.

Checks accepted.

Office hours 9 a. m. to 2 p. m.

E. W. HIGBEE,
Collector of Taxes.

7-9-1f

RHODE ISLAND STATE COLLEGE.

STANDARD COURSES IN

Agriculture, Engineering, Applied Science, Home Economics — B. S. Degree

SHORT COURSES (Two Years) in

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Free Tuition. Excellent Equipment. Board $3.75 per week; lodging, heat, light, 31 cents per week.

Standard entrance requirements for degree courses. Location beautiful, healthful and accessible.

Address STATE COLLEGE,
Kingston, R. I.

7-23-1f

Probate Court of the City of Newport, July 25th, 1910.

Estate of William A. Peckham, Jr.

JOEL PECKHAM, Guardian of the person and estate of William A. Peckham, Jr., minor, presents his third account with the estate of said ward, for allowance; and the same is received and referred to the fifteenth day of August next, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the *Newport Mercury*.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD,
Clerk.

7-30-3w

Carr's List.

THE TAMING OF RED BUTTE WESTERN, By Francis Lynde.

ON THE BRANCH, By Pierre de Coulevan.

DR. THORNE'S IDEA, By John Ames Mitchell, Author of Amos Judd.

BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA, By Ernest Thompson Seton and Lieuten ant General Sir Robert S. S. Baden Powell

THE FASCINATING MRS. HALTON, By E. F. Benson.

Also a nice line of "Chanticleer" Note paper and Correspondence Cards, In Rhode Island Red, Tan and Orange.

Phone 638. DAILY NEWS BUILDING

"I never deny my wife a wish."

"Indeed?"

"No; I let her wish. It doesn't cost anything."—Life.

CITY OF NEWPORT.

NOTICE.

ALL Hackney Carriage Licenses, Hackney Carriage Driver's Licenses, Wagon Licenses and Wagon Driver's Licenses now in force under the provisions of Chapters 2 and 87 of the Ordinances of this City will expire on May 31, 1910.

All persons desiring any of the above mentioned licenses for the year beginning with the first Monday in May, 1910, will make application therefor at the office of the Chief of Police, on or before May 2nd, 1910, that the same may be considered by the Board of Aldermen at the meeting of the said Board to be held May 20, 1910.

By order of

JAMES R. CROWLEY,
Chief of Police.

4-30-1f

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Cheapest and Best
Will not taint Water
Acid and Alkali Proof
Waterproof and time-defying
Requires no coating for many years
Coated both sides, won't rot underneath
Can be used on steep or flat roofs
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WHO DOES IT?

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7 Oak Street.

5-2-1f

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

State Board of Public Roads.

Notice to Automobilists.

The State Board of Public Roads will be at the Court House, Newport, R. I., every Thursday, beginning May 27th, 1909, for the purpose of registering Automobiles, and issuing Operators' Licenses from 10.00 a. m. to 4.00 p. m.

6-22-1f

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5-2-1f

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8-26-1f